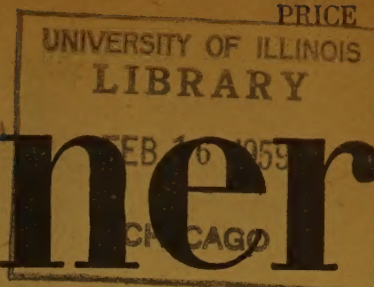


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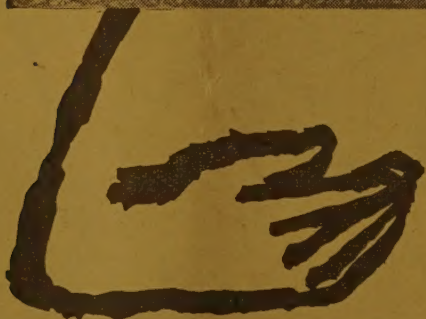
Cretan shepherd boy (Sir Compton Mackenzie's talk, 'Hellas Revisited', is published on page 164)

A Prime Minister Remembers

(Lord Attlee's television interview with Francis Williams)

Inside Hungary: the Satellite's Return
(a survey compiled by the B.B.C. Foreign News
Department)

The Moon and the Rockets
(an article by Patrick Moore based on the 'Sky at Night'
television series)



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A Prime Minister Remembers

LORD ATTLEE, O.M., in a conversation on B.B.C. television with FRANCIS WILLIAMS

FRANCIS WILLIAMS: In your autobiography, *As It Happened*, you say that you have had a happy life in a condition to which you had never expected to be called. Now is that really true? Did you have any kind of political ambitions in your youth?

LORD ATTLEE: Only the sort of vague ambitions which a small boy sees himself doing; all kinds of things in all kinds of shows. But I got on the borough council—a pretty big step—and to be mayor was still higher. And so gradually, you see; whether the appetite grows with the eating or whether one just acquiesces as they come along is a nice point.

Williams: Then you did move into Parliament. What was the Parliament of those days like? Has it changed a good deal?

Attlee: The 1922 Parliament. There was, of course, a Tory majority—not very strong—but split lots of Liberals: old Lloyd George about the place; Asquith, I think, was out but he came back again. Our party was probably more working-class than it is today. I think I was the first university man elected, certainly the first Oxford one.

Williams: What makes a good Parliamentarian?

Attlee: Well, that's a nice point, isn't it? I don't think he wants to be too arrogant. He doesn't want to tell Parliament all about it. Occasional mistakes come in useful. He wants to be a good mixer. And personally I think there's a good deal in being fairly loyal.

Williams: But is there much class distinction within Parliament?

Attlee: None whatever, no.

Williams: Everyone is accepted for their own abilities?

Attlee: Yes. It's no good having money or being a duke's son, or anything like that, in the House of Commons. It won't cut any ice whatever. It depends on what a man is.

Williams: Looking back over your time, who would you put as the great Parliamentarians that you remember?

Attlee: Well, of course, Lloyd George.

Williams: What made him such a great Parliamentarian?

Attlee: Oh—a brilliant debater, extremely quick brain, brilliant actor. Then, of course, Stanley Baldwin, in his way, was a great Parliamentarian. I mean, he played on the House with very great skill. If there was anything awkward, he'd get up and talk about airy nothings: nothing whatever to do with it. But he'd soothe the House; he was very skilful.

Williams: What about Ramsay MacDonald? Was he a good Parliamentarian?

Attlee: Oh, he was rather impressive when I first got there. He appeared to be something rather big compared with the rather slender crowd on the government benches opposite, who were none of them very striking; but as time went on he lost his grip.

Williams: Did you find him a difficult person to deal with?

Attlee: Curious bird. I never quite knew how to handle him. He had a sort of Highland aloofness. You never quite knew where he was. Always rather apt to impress on you, 'the whole burden of the world is on me—the world'.

Williams: What about Neville Chamberlain?

Attlee: Always struck me as rather a cold fish. I mean he had a look on his face as if he was sneering; I don't know whether it was intended.

Williams: Would you put Winston Churchill as one of the

very great Parliamentarians? I'm not meaning now as a statesman, but as a Parliamentarian.

Attlee: A great parliamentary figure, but not a great Parliamentarian. He never took the trouble to understand procedure. He always had a general idea that he might talk whenever he pleased. He got awfully ticked off in Parliament when we were in office.

Williams: Now, what about people who come from a quite different background? Trades union people—where they've been dealing with negotiations and so on—how do they fit in?

Attlee: Some of them are extremely good. They understand human beings, you see.

Ernest Bevin in the House

Williams: What about Ernie Bevin?

Attlee: Well, old Ernie, you know, came in at a very late stage. He always professed he never understood the 'Ouse much. But he'd get it across all right: provided he could be himself. But the danger was, occasionally he'd want to read a Foreign Office brief. It was quite fatal. As soon as he quit that, he could hold the House absolutely. But he never knew much about the niceties of parliamentary procedure.

Williams: And those niceties are really important, aren't they?

Attlee: They are important really in the long run. You have to keep the show going, you know. A lot of time is taken up with them, but it's necessary if the procedure is to work. I'll give you an example where you mustn't do just as you please. In a Cabinet, you would never talk to somebody as 'Ernie' or 'George'. You always address him formally by his office: 'Minister of Health, what have you got to say?' Not 'What do you want to say, Nye?' It keeps the thing on the right level. The same way in Parliament. You will never address a man by his name, but always by his constituency. Otherwise you can often get a sneer in the way you say his name. You can even do it with a constituency. I remember Philip Snowden referring to John Simon as 'The Honourable Member for *Spen Valley*'. And you'd think *Spen Valley* was a sewer!

Williams: Was Simon a good Parliamentarian?

Attlee: No.

Williams: Why?

Attlee: Well, he could put a case, you see. I remember Dick Law [now Lord Coleraine] once saying: '... and then the Right Honourable gentleman gets up and he puts the case for the Government—and the Government stock sinks two points next day'. Because he never struck a note of sincerity and the House likes a person to be sincere.

Williams: They warm to sincerity even more than great ability?

Attlee: Oh, rather.

Williams: Are lawyers on the whole good Parliamentarians?

Attlee: Very few. The great exception was Stafford Cripps. He was a brilliant lawyer, but he captured the House coming straight in—having to plunge straight in—to run the Finance Bill. He never put a foot wrong. He was extraordinarily good in the House. But the average lawyer isn't: he's too legalistic.

Williams: Why do you think Cripps managed it then?

Attlee: I don't know. Some super-ability, I think.

'Heavy in the Hand'

Williams: What about Civil Servants when they come into the House, as a few of them do; are they good?

Attlee: They're generally too heavy in the hand. John Anderson managed it: always a little heavy, but then we all had a great respect for him. As a rule the Civil Servant can't quite adapt himself. The Civil Servant always thinks he must tell the whole of the case. That's why the briefs you get from the Civil Service are often too long. If you're a Minister you throw them aside and make your own. They've got to save him from making any possible mistake. Can't quite do that in a speech.

Williams: In fact, you've got to risk mistakes sometimes to be a good Parliamentarian.

Attlee: Oh yes. An occasional mistake doesn't matter, you know. It gives the rest of the House a fellow feeling with you.

Williams: You were talking about the Cabinet and the

formality of the Cabinet. When you set about forming a Cabinet, as Prime Minister, what are the kind of things that most govern you? I mean, do you go for great personalities, or a balance of interest, or what?

Attlee: You have got to hold a balance there. You have the personalities, you have the weight of responsibility of the particular office at the time, and perhaps, also, standing in the country—it's a blend of things. For instance, you can't always depend on the office. Normally I wouldn't have put a Minister of Fuel and Power into the Cabinet. As we were nationalizing mines, electricity and gas—in goes Shinwell, you see. Others you have to have—you have got to have Scotland in. You might not have put him in on anything else, but you have got to have him there. The great difficulty is, you have to form a team and see how the people work together. You have also got the Under Secretaries; they have to be able to work in with the Minister. They aren't always necessarily the man the Minister specially wants, because you may want the man who is going to fill some of the deficiencies of which the Minister himself is not aware.

Williams: And I suppose in a way you have got to have some good average, ordinary people because, after all, it is government for the ordinary people?

Attlee: It is. You have got to have a certain number of solid people, whom no one would think were brilliant; but, between conflicting opinions, the kind of middle man who will give you the ordinary man's point of view.

Williams: In a Cabinet meeting, then, every Minister doesn't necessarily speak?

Attlee: No.

Williams: The Prime Minister calls on those he feels . . .

Attlee: Yes. Some of them volunteer and sometimes you ask for an opinion. The job of the Prime Minister is to get the general feeling—collect the voices, so to speak. I mean, his judgment when everything reasonable has been said is to get on with the job. Then, he says: 'Well, I think the decision of the Cabinet is—this, that or the other. Any objections? No'.

British Habit of Informality

Williams: You don't take a vote?

Attlee: No, never. I think the only time we took a vote was whether we should meet at 6.30 or 7.30 or something like that. You never take a vote in Cabinet.

Williams: Why is that?

Attlee: I don't know. It's a British habit of informality. Other countries often can't understand. In the same way you never take a vote at a Commonwealth meeting of Prime Ministers; the presiding Prime Minister collects the voices.

Williams: How much authority does the Prime Minister in fact have? I mean, is he just the first among equals or is he more than that?

Attlee: He is the first among equals; he necessarily is. If he is any use at all, he presumably has a great deal of experience and authority. Some people say he has got a certain amount of wisdom. But, of course, you can't ride rough-shod over a Cabinet, unless you are something very extraordinary. What you do, generally, is to give guidance. I haven't often found the Cabinet disagreeing with me—very seldom.

Williams: Well, your way of running a Cabinet, I imagine, was quite a bit different from, say, Winston Churchill's?

Attlee: Oh, yes. I was always for getting on with the job, you know: like to get through the agenda. To do that, you must stop unnecessary talk, unnecessary approval of things already agreed. These pleasant by-ways are very interesting but not strictly relevant. That's where you have to be pretty stern if you are to get through the job, because business is very heavy these days.

Williams: Was there more talking under Winston Churchill, then?

Attlee: More talking by one person!

Williams: Often very good talking?

Attlee: Oh, excellent talk. I once had to say, subsequently, when Sir Winston said a matter had been brought up very often in Cabinet during the war: 'Yes, I must remind the Right Honourable Gentleman that a monologue is not a decision'.

Williams: Did he take that sort of remark quite well?

Attlee: Yes, it was much appreciated by his colleagues.

Williams: Having appointed people to a Cabinet, you are not necessarily going to leave them there altogether. Is it a very difficult job getting rid of them?

Attlee: It's a very unpleasant job, but it's one a Prime Minister ought to do himself. He ought not to leave him to learn it from the press. I always sent for them and told them. There are occasions when I told people they weren't up to the job. More often, they were doing quite well but they were really getting a bit old, and with a very young, able party coming in, you must bring the young ones on. And they took it extraordinarily well. I will give you an example. There was little Joe Westwood, Secretary of State for Scotland. Joe was going all right, but he was getting on—though he was younger than me. And I sent for Joe one day, and Joe comes in and says: 'Morning, Prime Minister, I know what you're after; you want my job'. I said: 'Well, Joe, as a matter of fact, you know, you are getting on a bit and we have to make room for the young ones'. And Joe said: 'That's all right by me. You'll find I shall be just as loyal on the back benches as on the front benches'. You know, that's characteristic. People don't always believe that politicians are like that.

Williams: But Cabinets don't always run as smoothly as that. There are such things as Cabinet splits. You had one yourself with Nye Bevan.

Attlee: I did, yes. Unfortunately, I was ill at the time or it might perhaps not have arisen.

Williams: You think it could have been avoided, do you?

Attlee: I think it might.

Williams: What do you think caused it, really?

Attlee: I don't know. Certain varieties of impatience and things. I wouldn't like to specify exactly.

Williams: Apart from that, did you find Nye a good Cabinet colleague?

Attlee: Oh, yes. He worked very well. He is one of those horses who work very well in harness. For six years the harness was Stafford Cripps, you see.

Williams: There haven't been very many, but do you think women make good Cabinet Ministers?

Attlee: I haven't had personal work with many. Margaret Bondfield wasn't a great success; she rather talked to the House too much as if she was a school mistress. Ellen Wilkinson was quite successful—yes, very good. But, of course, you have very few women compared with men. I mean, if you took—what is it—one thirtieth of the House and expected to find a great many there, you probably wouldn't.

Williams: Why do you think there aren't more in the House?

Attlee: Conservatism of electors a good deal, I think.

Williams: But would you say those who have been in the House have really been great successes?

Outstanding Women Members

Attlee: One or two have been thoroughly successful. Most of them haven't risen to the top rank. Been some characters among them, you know. You get strenuous characters.

Williams: Such as?

Attlee: Nancy Astor, Bessie Braddock, the old Duchess of Atholl, Edith Summerskill. They added a great deal of briskness to the House, you know. I believe the best Parliamentarian was Mollie Hamilton. She was extremely good; she was only there for two years. The experts used to come in to listen to her.

Williams: Do you think they are likely to make more impact on the House in future? I mean, do you think it takes a bit of time for the House to get used to women, and women to get used to it?

Attlee: Probably. Think how many generations it was before

the first workers' representatives came in. Before you got a working-class Minister, except for Jack Burns—that's about all. It takes a long time for a newly enfranchised section of the population to make its mark.

Williams: Of course, many people say, and some complain, that even now the Labour Party and particularly the top people in the Labour Party, and the Labour Cabinet, tend to be much more middle-class than working-class.

Attlee: We always kept a judicious mixture. The fact is, you know, that the classes become blended. You never quite know how to place people. I mean, is the son of a miner working-class, suppose he has gone to university?

Harold Laski's Opposition

Williams: Before you became Prime Minister, there was quite a commotion between the National Executive and the Parliamentary Labour Party. The late Harold Laski played quite a substantial part in trying to prevent you being invited to form a Government.

Attlee: I gather so, yes.

Williams: Did it disturb you?

Attlee: Not a bit. It amused me.

Williams: You never were in any doubt that he would not succeed in that?

Attlee: Harold Laski, you see, had no contacts with the Parliamentary Labour Party, and they were the people who decided. Harold, of course, was only temporary chairman for one year. Rather saw himself too big, did Harold. Funny for a student of political science. He couldn't quite work the thing out.

Williams: It is the Parliamentary Party that decides?

Attlee: Yes.

Williams: Not anybody else? I mean, there isn't any control from outside groups?

Attlee: No.

Williams: Looking back on those pre-war years, when you were Leader of the Opposition, do you ever feel that you were wrong, for instance on the attitude that was adopted towards defence expenditure and conscription—when the Labour Party, under your leadership, voted against both at a time when we were moving steadily nearer and nearer to war?

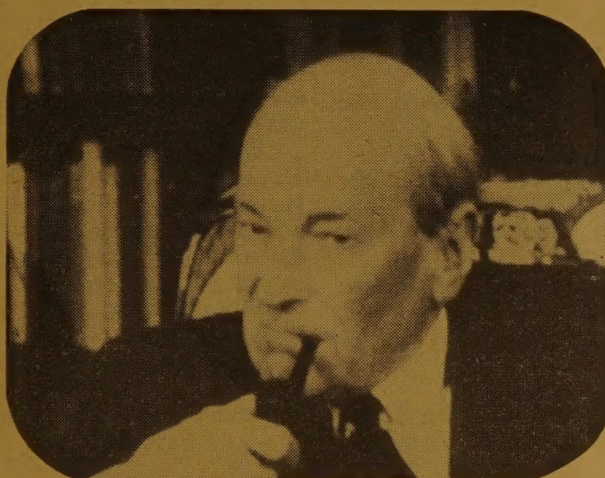
Attlee: You know, we made a very close study of defence for the very first time in the history of the party. I got together a Defence Committee in 1935 who knew a lot about it. But we were outvoted. You must have some armaments, only we were rearming in the wrong way. They were pinning themselves on an obsolete idea of national defence, while we already realized that the only possible solution was defence under collective agreement, as now has become the accepted orthodoxy; and therefore we protested because we thought we were doing a futile thing. With regard to conscription, there was always a very strong feeling against it. Not just a pacifist feeling: there were quite a lot of soldiers who did not believe in conscription. They thought on the whole better get the volunteer. I think we were probably wrong then. You must remember the hangover from the last war. Generals were given far too many men. They sacrificed men because they wouldn't use their brains. Didn't happen in the second war—didn't want it to.

Williams: And you don't feel that the Labour Party's attitude as it appeared, contributed to Hitler's feeling that he could overrun Britain, or defeat it?

Attlee: I don't think so. I think he had the measure of Neville Chamberlain and John Simon.

Williams: Why do you think they followed an appeasement policy?

Attlee: They never knew much about it anyway. They were an unfortunate collection of people because they really didn't know



Lord Attlee as viewers saw him during his television discussion with Francis Williams

John Cura

much about Foreign Affairs. Stanley Baldwin always ignored it, as far as he could. Neville Chamberlain was a municipal administrator. Ramsay was past it then. And John Simon not capable of decision: as Dick Law said once—he belonged to a sailing club—they didn't think the right thing when there was danger was to hug the cliffs—which was what John Simon did. It was a very unfortunate quartet we had running foreign policy at that time.

Neville Chamberlain's Resignation

Williams: There was a moment, after Chamberlain nearly lost his vote and had a strong vote against him in the House of Commons, when you and Arthur Greenwood went to see him and there was a feeling in the Government that you might agree to serve under him, or at least he hoped so. What sort of mood and state of mind was he in then?

Attlee: I think he was still hopeful. I don't know why. I had to disabuse him on this straight away. Very unpleasant thing to say. I said: 'I think it only fair to tell you, Prime Minister, that our party won't have you and I don't think the country will have you'.

Williams: And that really forced the issue and made him resign?

Attlee: Yes.

Williams: Had you then decided that the only person who could do it was Winston Churchill?

Attlee: No, it wasn't decided. It was quite open.

Williams: Well, you have been an enemy of Churchill's for a long time: had a lot of sparring do's in the Commons. How did you find it being in the Cabinet with him and working with him?

Attlee: Oh, we never had any difficulty of that sort because one remains good friends. As a matter of fact, you sit opposite to people in the House for years and years, and you get to know them awfully well, you know. There was no difficulty there at all.

Williams: Almost one of the first things that happened after you came in was that you went over to France with Churchill—

Attlee: That's right.

Williams: —and saw Pétain? What sort of an impression did the French give you? Did you feel there was a hope of keeping them in?

Attlee: No, I didn't. Weygand looked like a little rat in a trap—caught. Pétain looked like a great, old image. Darlan trying to show the bluff sailor. And the politicians were snatching at anything. For twenty-four hours Sir Winston put heart into them; and then it went. I thought they were a hopeless lot.

Williams: One thing that does strike you about the last war—you have already mentioned it a little—there wasn't anything like the clash and intrigue between the generals and the politicians in this war as there was in the first world war. Why do you think that was?

Attlee: One thing was that a very large proportion of us in the Government had served in war, so we understood something about it; we understood the military mind. I think, also, we had much more intelligent Heads of the Services.

'Best of the Generals'

Williams: Who would you put as the best of the generals?

Attlee: Alanbrooke.

Williams: Although he didn't actually command in battle?

Attlee: He was probably the biggest soldier. After that, I would put Alex.

Williams: Alexander?

Attlee: Yes, for a campaign. Monty for just a battle, an operation. I think Alex was probably the better strategist. Monty was an excellent tactician. Mind you, he always had the best of everything—saw that he did. I think Bill Slim was a very great man, because he made do with practically the scrapings of the barrel.

Williams: Do you think Alanbrooke ought to have been a Commander in the field? I mean, ought he to have been an Alexander or an Eisenhower in actual command?

Attlee: Well, he was very valuable where he was, but I haven't the slightest doubt if he had been in Eisenhower's position he would have run the thing extraordinarily well. But there the political interest came in; the Americans had the troops and so on. You have always got to weigh up these things.

Williams: In Alanbrooke's own book there is quite a deal of criticism of Churchill. Do you yourself feel that that criticism was justified?

Attlee: Oh, quite justified. What Winston always required was some strong people round him saying, 'Don't be a fool over this'. He has big ideas, and every now and again perfectly futile ones: he doesn't always know. I remember Lloyd George saying to me once, apropos of something: 'There's Winston there, Winston—he's got ten ideas on this, and one of them is right—but he never knows which it is!' A certain amount of truth in that.

Williams: And Alanbrooke, so to speak, was able to discriminate between the good one and the bad ones?

Attlee: Yes.

Williams: Did the Cabinet have much to do with the Defence questions?

Attlee: Quite a good deal. Yes, particularly the Defence Committee which used to meet fairly frequently.

Williams: There has been quite a lot of argument since as to whether it was or was not wise to make that announcement about unconditional surrender. Looking back, do you think it was?

Attlee: I don't think it was wise. It was done by Roosevelt. Having been done, we more or less had to back it up. I don't know what effect it had on the Nazis. Judging by the memoirs, whatever you said wouldn't have induced the generals to kick over the traces. If we hadn't said 'no' to surrender, the generals might have done something.

Williams: You don't think they were a sufficiently strong body at the time?

Attlee: A futile lot, I thought. Lacking in will and lacking in execution. How they failed to bump off Hitler with the opportunities they had, I don't know!

Dropping the Atom Bomb

Williams: Now, moving on a little, you came in as Prime Minister at the end of the European war and before the end of the Japanese war, and the atom bomb ended the Japanese war. Do you yourself feel that it was right to drop the atom bomb?

Attlee: On our knowledge as given us at that time, it was right; because we all understood that without the word of the Emperor, the Japanese—who were scattered over a very large part of Asia at that time, mind you—would have all fought it out to the death. It would have caused an immense number of casualties, far more than the atom bomb would have done. We didn't know at that time how far they were materially down and how far they were morally down. I don't think anyone knows to this day whether, as a matter of fact, they would have surrendered without anything like that.

Williams: You don't think that you could have announced that you had the atom bomb, that you proposed to drop it on a town and give them notice to quit? You don't think that would have had an effect?

Attlee: Well, we gave them notice to quit, but they didn't.

Williams: But you don't think you could have given them longer notice, made a demonstration of power rather than an actual massacre, so to speak...

Attlee: No, I don't think so. We couldn't have invited them round to witness an explosion in New Mexico or something like that. And I gather now from information we have today that America only had two bombs at the time.

Williams: Yes. How much did we in this country know about the development of the atom bomb?

Attlee: It was a very close secret. I knew practically nothing myself.

Williams: As soon as you became Prime Minister you went to Potsdam for meetings?

Attlee: Yes.

Williams: Before that you, and certainly Bevin, felt that a Labour Government might be able to come to agreement with the Russian Government more than a Conservative Government, for instance. What made you realize that the Russians were no longer interested in co-operating?

Attlee: Personally I have never believed that. I think Bevin did. I never did because I knew a Communist always fought us more vigorously than the Tories, because we offered a vital alternative and the Tories were dying out. We did try very hard to get alongside Uncle Joe but it was perfectly impossible. We tried to work a quadripartite thing in Germany and they were always kicking over the traces. And eventually, of course, the Berlin blockade business finally settled it.

Williams: How near to war were we, do you think, at the time of the Berlin airlift?

Attlee: I don't think very close because they were afraid of the bomb. I think they were chancing their arm as far as they could possibly go. If we hadn't stood up to them no doubt they would have subverted the rest of Germany. We were too tough for them.

Williams: Did you find it difficult at first to persuade the Americans of this Russian attitude?

Attlee: Yes, at first, you know, they thought the two big boys could manage everything, and we were rather an obsolete old imperialist, colonial power. That was very much Roosevelt's line at Yalta. However, the tendencies, even at Potsdam, were to think they could run the whole show. They learnt very, very slowly the facts of life, the facts of European life particularly.

Stalin and Molotov

Williams: What sort of a person did you find Stalin to talk to and meet?

Attlee: Obviously he was a thoroughly ruthless tyrant. He had a certain sense of humour. The only thing you could say about him was that what he said went. If he said 'yes', it was 'yes'. And nobody else except Stalin could say 'yes'.

Williams: But, in your actual discussions and negotiations, was he a friendly person or was he extremely difficult to have ordinary conversations with?

Attlee: Oh, no. You could chip him—pull his leg now and again; he wouldn't mind. He'd laugh.

Williams: What about Molotov?

Attlee: Molotov only laughed with his mouth, not his eyes. I don't think he had much sense of humour. I tried to pull his leg once or twice. He was a hard creature. Ernie Bevin always said he hated meeting Molotov; he knew he had murdered hundreds of thousands of innocent peasants.

Williams: But he didn't feel that about Stalin?

Attlee: Oh, I don't think he liked meeting Stalin either, but he didn't have to meet Stalin again after Potsdam. He had to meet Molotov constantly.

Williams: Thinking of these great contemporaries of yours, how did you get on with Roosevelt? I remember that during the war you went over there.

Attlee: I went over, yes. A perfectly charming person, perfectly charming.

Williams: Did you feel he really understood a great deal about world affairs or not?

Attlee: In a very broad sense, yes. I think he always had been brought up to think of us as a colonial imperialist power. I don't think he really understood European politics much. I don't think any American did much.

Williams: And do you think he went on right up to the end thinking that we were one of the dangers because of our imperialism?

Attlee: I think he did. I think he had that hangover, you know.

Williams: And what about Truman, when he succeeded?

Attlee: Oh, Harry Truman was one of the best. He didn't know much to start, but he learnt very quickly. Very courageous fellow.

Williams: And it was always possible to talk to him?

Attlee: Oh, yes. A very good friend.

Williams: One of the great decisions of your Cabinet was

the decision, of course, about India. Now then, what decided you to make this rather risky decision as it seemed at the time—to give them a time limit on independence, even though that might bring bloodshed, as to some extent it did?

Attlee: Well, I had a long experience of the Indians, and I knew that they would dislike responsibility. They would talk and talk and talk. As long as they could put the responsibility on us they would continue to talk and continue to quarrel among themselves. I concluded they must come right up against it. They would be given a time limit and must understand, quite definitely, by that time we would be gone: they'd got to make the best of it. And Mountbatten reminded them of it every day, until they did. It was the only way out.

Williams: Talking about Mountbatten, what decided you that Wavell was no longer the right Viceroy and you must get rid of him?

Mountbatten in India

Attlee: Well, Wavell was a great man in many ways, you know, but he was a curious, silent bird. I don't think silent people get on awfully well with the Indians; they are very loquacious. And I don't think he had the quickness and subtleness of mind to deal with the situation. It came to me quite as an inspiration one day, and I suddenly said: 'Now Mountbatten's the man for this'.

Williams: What made you pick Mountbatten?

Attlee: Personal knowledge.

Williams: You had known him quite well before?

Attlee: Oh, I had known him to a certain extent. He struck me to have just the qualities.

Williams: And you think it was a very good appointment, do you?

Attlee: Oh, I think so.

Williams: And did he get on very well with the Indians?

Attlee: Oh, astonishingly well.

Williams: Were they difficult to get on with? Was Nehru difficult to get on with?

Attlee: Oh, no. No, I wouldn't say he was difficult to get on with. Very difficult to get a decision out of.

Williams: And what about Gandhi? Did you find him a very difficult person?

Attlee: I only met Gandhi once and that was in our room at the House of Commons with George Lansbury. A curious mixture, subtle politician and saint. Not invariably apart, you know. I think Gladstone was rather the same.

Williams: Do you think there was a certain link, connexion, between Gandhi and Gladstone? In that way—in their way to mix the voice of God and the voice of political expediency?

Attlee: Quite a lot that way, yes.

Williams: How did you find Jinnah, of Pakistan?

Attlee: I never liked Jinnah. I knew him as long ago as 1927. I never liked him.

Williams: Why?

Attlee: I don't think he was very genuine, you know. I mean, he was running the pukka Moslem show at the end. When I knew him first he was a hanger-on of the Congress. Far from being a good Moslem, he had married a Parsee. He was extremely Westernized, rather dandyish. And I thought a great deal of his ambition was for Master Jinnah rather than anything else. He destroyed the most promising joint government there was in the Punjab, run by a very big man, Sir Khizar Hyat Khan Tiwana, who had Sikhs and Hindus and Moslems all working well together. Jinnah set himself out to wreck that.

The Decision on Palestine

Williams: I suppose one of the other big continuing decisions that you made was the decision over Palestine, which has been very much criticized. Do you, looking back, feel that this was right or wrong?

Attlee: I don't know what you could do there. We were faced with conflicting obligations on the part of the British Government. You had the most frightful position of the Jews pressing to come in, with the Americans pressing for it all the time. And you had, on the other hand, the Arabs with their

point of view; true they had ample lands at the back, but once you get these religious squabbles there's not much you can do about it.

Williams: A quite different sort of decision you had to make, and one which has a continuing importance, was whether Britain herself should make atom bombs; and you decided that it should. Are you still quite happy about that, that it was the right decision?

Attlee: I think it was right. We couldn't get co-operation with the Americans. That stupid MacMahon Act prevented our acting fully with them. And they were inclined to think they were the big boys and we were the small boys; we just had to show them they didn't know everything.

Williams: Well, some people, of course, have criticized you in another way: not that you were independent of America, but that you were too subservient to America. And they quote the case of the allowance of the American bomber bases in this country which make us—as it has been described—an American aircraft-carrier off the coast of Europe. Do you feel the decision to let American bomber bases was a right and inevitable one?

Attlee: The position at that time was that, according to all the best information we had, there was a serious danger of the enormous ground forces of Russia moving right across the Continent. The only way to stop them was by having something held in reserve, and so we got these bases. I think it was right at the time.

Danger of World War

Williams: How great do you think was the danger of war during the Korean campaign? I mean, the danger of a world war? I remember your flying over to see Truman at the time when it looked as if the Americans might bomb on the Chinese mainland.

Attlee: I think there was a great danger there that, under pressure of various interests and people, they might have gone and bombed Manchurian cities and got bogged down in a Chinese war. That would have left it open to the Russians to have a war on their own, and America would have been very fully occupied there. I think there was a danger.

Williams: Did you find it very difficult to get Truman to see this?

Attlee: No, I don't think so. We discussed it pretty fully.

Williams: We have been talking, incidentally, about some of the great contemporaries you have known, but what did you feel about Eisenhower when you first met him?

Attlee: Ike? Oh, a very, very good fellow. Extremely good diplomat: a man to get them all working together; a man of courage. Not a great soldier.

Williams: Not a great soldier?

Attlee: No.

Williams: Do you think he was wise to go into politics?

Attlee: No. I warned him against it constantly. I begged him not to. I said, 'Since George Washington, none of your soldiers has gone into politics and made anything of it. The most successful was Harrison; he died within three months'.

Williams: He did go into it, despite your warnings.

Attlee: He did go in, yes.

Williams: Why do you think he did?

Attlee: Well, I suppose it is difficult to resist pressure.

Williams: What about that other General who has come into politics—de Gaulle?

Attlee: Well, de Gaulle's a very good fellow. I reviewed his book and I said then: 'General de Gaulle is a very good soldier and a very bad politician'. With more humour than I thought he had, he wrote back to me saying: 'I have come to the conclusion that politics are too serious a matter to be left to the politicians'. Which I thought was a very good jest by de Gaulle.

Williams: Moving a little, it has often been said that in a way the monarchy has a quite considerable influence on British politics. What do you feel the position of the monarchy is in these days?

Attlee: I think it's extremely valuable as a point of unity. We don't tend to elevate politicians into supreme positions, like Presidents of this, that, and the other; you have always got something over them.

Williams: You knew King George VI well, of course. Did he have substantial political wisdom, would you say?

Attlee: Oh, I think very good judgment indeed. He was a big enough man to move with the times. There are not many monarchs who, deprived of being Emperor of this and King of that, would not make the slightest quarrel about it. Nor is it everyone who would let a member of the royal family go and take on a risky job, hit or miss in India, as he did. I had a great opinion of him.

Williams: Why do you think he was able to adapt himself to this changing pattern of the monarchy?

Attlee: He had the great advantage of being brought up a younger son, which is always an advantage, and he served in the Navy, and he had a very able wife. A very human person.

Keeping Sane and Balanced

Williams: Being Prime Minister always seems a job with immense pressure on it. How do you manage to keep going, and keep sane and keep balanced?

Attlee: Well, it keeps you busy during the week; get some time off at week-ends, you know.

Williams: Is it a good idea that the Prime Minister lives above his office, do you think?

Attlee: Oh, yes. I saw more of my family when I was P.M. than ever before or after.

Williams: You used to be able to pop up from Cabinet to have tea?

Attlee: If you arrange your time right, you manage to do a good deal. When I was Prime Minister, I read the whole of Gibbon—just in a week-end I was at Chequers.

Williams: Are you a man of many recreations?

Attlee: I do all kinds of things. I play most games badly. I read a great deal. Do a little gardening. But I have multifarious interests of all kinds: read a variety of literature. I am never dull.

Williams: When you say you read a great deal, what sort of things do you like reading best?

Attlee: A great deal of biography nowadays. I've always read a quantity of history.

Williams: In your autobiography—I mentioned it when we began—you not only said that you had a happy life because you had been called to a condition you never expected, but because you lived in the greatest country in the world.

Attlee: Quite right.

Williams: You still feel that?

Attlee: I agree entirely.

Williams: Well, what do you feel are the particular qualities that make Britain the greatest country in the world?

Attlee: Difficult to say. I think the ordinary decency of the ordinary man: of all classes.

Williams: You don't believe we are class-ridden and a class-hating society, as sometimes is said?

Attlee: No.

Williams: You are not worried that England's greatness is over and we are going to become just a little second-rate power?

Attlee: I don't think that's likely. No.

Williams: Even although our material strength is much less than it used to be?

Attlee: It's less comparatively, you know, not absolutely. True, these colossi have grown up. We are not so small as people think.

[*Lord Templewood's talk in the Home Service, 'A Politician Looks Back', will be published next week*]

'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume LX (July to December, 1958) will be published shortly and may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

Inside Hungary: the Satellite's Return

A survey compiled by the B.B.C. Foreign News Department

LAST October the Prime Minister of Hungary, Mr. Ferenc Muennich, told a mass meeting:

The Hungarian toilers look into the future with confidence and in high spirits. We have put an end to the unfortunate irregularities which occurred before. Our laws ensure all citizens peace, security, and work.

The confidence of the authorities is based on the improvement in the country's standard of living during the past two years. Every day the press and radio stress what they term the growing improvement of the people's standard of living. Just before Christmas *Nepszabadsag* had this to say:

There is an abundance of goods in the shops; the people are well dressed; and our theatres and places of entertainment are crowded. There are building operations everywhere. All signs show that the people are, on the whole, satisfied.

But it would seem that a great many people in Hungary remain politically indifferent. Before the elections in November, *Nepszava* held a snap public opinion poll. Later it quoted this view from an anonymous taxi-driver:

'I didn't even know that there would be an election. But what's the choice? If there isn't an opposition party, an election doesn't make sense'.

It would appear that this is a widely held opinion in Hungary, because *Nepszabadsag* devoted a number of leading articles to discussing it and dismissing it as worthless.

On November 26, after the elections, the Secretary of the party committee at Csepel ironworks told a public meeting:

There are still workers who do not as yet realize clearly the responsibility of their class in the work of construction, and a small section is still passive and completely apolitical. The influence of the party among members of the intelligentsia, among young people and women, is still unsatisfactory.

Reorganizing the Legal System

During the past twelve months, the régime has carried through a reorganization of the country's legal system. The death penalty is now the punishment for strikes. The independence of the lawyers has been curbed. On March 22 last year, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Ferenc Nezeval, told a news conference:

An important section of the bar is unsuitable to assume the prosecution or defence of 'counter-revolutionary criminals' or to administer 'socialist justice'. Some lawyers directly hamper the good work of the courts and the practical application of socialist legality.

On September 18, *Koezpedunantuli Naplo* announced that with effect from September 1 the private practice of lawyers had been abolished, although the Ministry of Justice could still make exceptions. The authorities are also seeking to extend their control over the members of other professions: actors, doctors, and teachers. On October 2, the Ministry of Education ordered the immediate verification of the licences of all actors not on contract with the state opera and theatre companies. The trade union newspaper *Nepszava* explained:

Unofficial companies have been touring more and more factories and enterprises. They provide unhealthy competition for the State theatres. This is an unfriendly and impermissible development.

New regulations governing the work of doctors are imminent. On October 23, the chief secretary of the doctors' and health workers' trade union, Dr. Ferenc Pal, told *Nepszava*:

The regulations will not abolish the private practice of doctors, but they will cut off the offshoots of private practice which

doctors themselves condemn. In future, the doctor may not receive an insured person as a private patient.

But it is on the teachers and writers that the régime seeks to exert the greatest pressure. In a speech made on March 2 of last year, Mr. Kadar, the First Secretary of the Communist Party, gave his reasons. He said:

In one domain the power of the working class is not yet complete—in the way people think. We must, therefore, wage a serious, prolonged, and systematic fight to ensure that the spirit and ideas of the working class shall be the guiding principle not only in the army and at the factory bench, but also in the minds of the people. We must conquer the minds of the people.

Beginning with Children and their Teachers

To do this, the Communist régime in Hungary begins with the children in the schools and with their teachers. On August 24, *Magyar Nemzet* quoted a speech by the Deputy Minister for Education:

It cannot go on much longer that non-Marxist teachers should continue to educate our children in the spirit of communism. Our patience is not so great that we can wait until someone is on his death-bed before he is prepared to profess his allegiance to the Communist régime. In future, only teachers who are convinced Marxists will be allowed to teach in our schools.

The régime acted with severity against the intellectuals, mainly because of the outstanding part played by writers and artists in the uprising of October 1956. Eighteen months ago, the Government dissolved the Writers' Union on the grounds that it had been used for attacking the social order of the Hungarian People's Republic. The Union has been replaced by a literary council entirely subordinate to government control. Nevertheless, the régime has so far failed to win the positive support of the majority of Hungarian intellectuals. In October, the editor of the weekly literary magazine *Elet és Irodalom* suggested that the party was near to losing patience with the writers. 'Their silence', he wrote, 'had the effect on many people of open defiance'.

Among the authors sentenced to long terms of imprisonment last year was the Kossuth prizewinner, Mr. Zoltan Zelk, who was given three years. A few weeks before the uprising he had told the Petoeffi circle in Budapest:

I know now that I gave up my principles, the pure faith of my young years, when I believed that a true cause may be served without honesty, without morals, and without regard for national traditions. I know now that this is impossible.

The Communist rulers of Hungary could not forgive a public statement of this nature. They disapprove of silence, but they prefer it to open opposition. In July, the party made clear its position in an article in *Társadalmi Szemle*:

Writers who are nationalistic and racist help the imperialists and the bourgeois by proclaiming a so-called third-road policy. Their past services to the progressive cause offer no excuse for their present detrimental work.

Policy of Kindness?

But the authorities have now apparently embarked upon a new policy—a policy of kindness. Mr. Zoltan Zelk and two other writers were released from prison after serving less than twelve months of their sentences, and the Minister of State, Mr. Marosán, told a public meeting at the beginning of November:

The members of the intelligentsia—teachers, doctors, professors, engineers, writers and artists—have had the opportunity to convince themselves that no one respects and loves them as much

(continued on page 175)

The Listener

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Off the Record

WE publish today the interview given by Lord Attlee on B.B.C. television under the title 'A Prime Minister Remembers'. A similar interview was recently given by the former American President, Harry Truman, for an American television corporation, which was subsequently rebroadcast by the B.B.C. Such reminiscences, given by statesmen who have held at critical periods the most important political offices in the civilized world, are obvious contributions to history. A relaxed atmosphere and a trained interviewer encourage elder statesmen to speak their minds freely and enable them to produce uninhibited judgments and genuine memories of their past.

If our world is blown to pieces, so that only a few human beings are left to carry on the race and new Dark Ages should come, any piece of historical evidence will acquire an astonishing value. If, on the other hand, the horrific weapons that now threaten mankind with almost complete destruction are never used, then the resources of applied science will surely give the future historians of our civilization sources that no other age could rival. In the United States, where men are always on the *qui-vive* for novelties, a system has already been introduced for recording the memories of retired public men as contributions to historical knowledge: highly trained and well-paid interviewers are available who go round with their recording machines to trap these memories. And while it is perfectly true that memoirs are among the least reliable forms of historical material, they at least lend the vividness to the story of the past which dry documents can rarely provide. So far as one knows, no exact parallel to this American system exists over here. But the B.B.C. has been collecting such historical material for many years. So too the news-reel camera affords a storehouse of actualities. Thus no period of history should be so completely furnished with illustrative material as our own.

Naturally men and women are not entirely uninhibited when they relate to interviewers (whether trained historians or journalists or others) the events of their past; they are tempted to throw up a defensive screen, to remember the occasions on which they triumphed and to forget those when they failed; but at least there is historical significance in the matters which seemed important to them afterwards and perhaps illumination in those which they choose to forget. We would all like it to be supposed that we were wiser at some past time than we know we were. There was a legend, for example, fostered by himself, that Sir Robert Walpole, who was virtually England's first Prime Minister, anticipated the disaster of the 'South Sea Bubble' when historians have now proved that he did nothing of the sort. Therefore all purely personal historical material needs treating with the utmost circumspection; but that it is worth preserving few will deny.

What They Are Saying

Russia, America, and Germany

THE SOVIET DRAFT PROPOSALS for a German peace treaty were given much prominence in broadcasts from the Communist world. Moscow broadcasts claimed that such a treaty would 'lead the German people to the speediest possible solution of their national task of reuniting the country'. *Izvestia* was quoted as stressing that the Soviet draft was fundamentally different from the Versailles 'diktat' and that it 'firmly slams the door on the German militarists and their partners', but opened up new possibilities for ending the Cold War. Moscow broadcasts strongly denounced Dr. Adenauer's rejection of the Soviet proposals, and claimed that not only had this rejection been condemned by the Opposition in West Germany, but that 'even in the ruling coalition, statesmen . . . have openly demanded a profound study of the Soviet proposals'.

The East German radio said that at Mr. Dulles's press conference on January 13, he

was forced to admit under pressure of public opinion that the U.S. regarded negotiations with the U.S.S.R. as necessary. He tried, however, to sabotage negotiations on Germany by including points for the solution of which the prospects are small. Harassed by journalists, Mr. Dulles even abandoned his old formula . . . that reunification was possible only by means of elections.

East German broadcasts expressed absolute confidence that negotiations on a peace treaty would take place: Bonn's views were becoming 'steadily less important', and the urge for negotiations was growing 'almost hourly'. Most newspapers quoted from West Germany supported Dr. Adenauer's rejection of the Soviet proposals. *Die Welt* described the Soviet Note as 'brutal demands for a second German capitulation'. This Peace Treaty, it said, 'demands everything and gives nothing'—not even the illusion that Germany might be reunified one day. The answer could only be: 'Negotiations, yes, but capitulation, no'. Many West German newspapers expressed the hope that the Western Powers would not weaken. In the words of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*: compared with the Soviet draft peace treaty, the Versailles treaty was 'a declaration of love'. *Frankfurter Neue Presse* was quoted as saying:

The Soviet draft peace treaty is not meant to liquidate the consequences of the second world war, but to stabilize one of the most important consequences of that war—Moscow's domination of central Europe—by Germany's division and neutralization.

From Sweden, the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* commented:

The Note strives to put the Soviet Government in a favourable light. It clearly foreshadows a retreat from the earlier categorical refusal to link the Berlin question with the German problem as a whole. But if one pauses to consider what a Russian peace treaty would mean, the latest Note falls completely in line with traditional Moscow policy.

In the U.S. *The New York Times* urged the West to 'present a concrete peace settlement that will appeal to world opinion and put on the Soviet Union the onus for any rejection of it'. *The New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying:

The present 'two Germanys' proposal is not even as liberal as the Soviet offer of 1954, and ignores the 1955 Geneva summit agreement for free elections. When such past agreements are treated as scraps of paper, few hopes are raised that Mr. Mikoyan has anything genuinely new to offer.

Commenting on Mr. Mikoyan's visit to the United Nations and statements he made there, *The New York Times* said:

Mr. Mikoyan did not yield in any important particular. His expressions of goodwill were general. His attitudes were the same old attitudes. . . . He revealed more poignantly than before the shabby nature of the bill of goods he is trying to sell in this country.

The New York Times was quoted as suggesting that if Mr. Mikoyan really wanted an experiment in confidence he could start by allowing a free exchange of newspapers, films, and broadcasts. Whereas, in the U.S., there was no jamming of Russian broadcasts, no banning of Russian literature, and no censorship of Russian reporters, their Western counterparts were jammed, banned, and censored in Soviet Russia.

Did You Hear That?

DID YOU SAY COLD?

SPEAKING IN 'From Our Own Correspondent' GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. correspondent in the United States, told of the cold spell he endured recently in Ottawa.

'A well-heated limousine,' he said, 'had snatched me from the well-heated airport to my well-heated hotel. Steam clucked and gurgled in the radiators, and through the double windows Ottawa looked ineffably picturesque. Boys clomped through the streets with skis on their shoulders; a trio of policemen in fur hats and fur coats might have been the three bears; the backs of the park benches looked as if they had been poked into the snow to mark where the paths had been and the Chateau Gothic architecture on Parliament Hill, dripping with icicles, might have been specially designed for Christmas cards.

'From the inside, looking out, it was all so cosy that I hugged myself. The room perhaps was a little too hot, so I tried opening a window. Obviously it was not used to being opened, but I managed. At once a solid rectangular prism of invisible ice seemed to have been rammed into my stomach. I slammed the glass down again and went back to feeling cosy. It was not till the next day that I really had to come to grips with the cold. The hotel and the radio station were in the same building, so my cosy illusions lasted until lunch time. But at midday I went out to rendezvous at an office about 300 yards up the street.

'At this point words fail me, and I must indulge in a small philosophical discursion on the inadequacy of language. It occurs to me that one can express in words what it is like to be extremely hot in the Middle East or the tropics. One can explain what it is like to sweat continually, to sit in hot, damp clothes all day, to feel lethargic and weak and dirty, always to have grit in the mouth. But one cannot—so it strikes me—explain what it is like to be bitterly, unspeakably cold, because cold hurts in a way that heat does not, and there is some barrier in the mind which prevents us from bringing together the sensation of pain and the expression of it. The nearest one can get is a scream, and it has to be a genuine scream inspired by the pain of the moment—you cannot write it down afterwards.

'From that you will gather that I was more cold on that 300-yards' walk than I have ever been in my life. After fifty yards all I could think about was my ears. After 100 yards my forehead was under attack and I had a piercing headache. After 150 yards my knees were paralysed and my walk was a stagger. I cannot remember anything after that, except that I shuffled into the office whimpering for mercy, hardly able to believe that it could be so cold, cold, cold anywhere in the habitable universe. The people waiting for me were sympathetic, though amused. They allowed that this was a particularly nasty winter—the temperature was fifteen degrees below Fahrenheit zero and the wind, of course, made it much worse.

'Last year, I found out, Ottawa had to spend \$1,250,000 getting rid of the snow and ice in the streets; that was nearly a quarter of a million more than the allotted snow budget. Ottawa has had three feet this winter; precious little of it has thawed away. The snow season is not over until the end of March.

'Public works reckon that it will take them two weeks to clear what there is in the streets now, even supposing there is not any more, which there will be. They have a task-force of 450 men on the job, plus 100 pieces of equipment. These include snow-ploughs, to force a way through the drifts; blowers which blast the snow into banks at the roadside; graders, which are like mechanized cut-throat razors, to shave the frozen slush off the roads; bulldozers to pile the snow into heaps; loaders which lift the heaps into lorries; and the lorries which dump the snow into the rivers and the waste ground, where it lingers like dirty icebergs well into the spring. Thanks to all this, the motorist, equipped with chains or special snow-tyres, can keep on the go, though it is a highly specialised form of driving.

'The other day I met a haggard-eyed motorist who had qualified, I would say, as a martyr of the snows. The previous evening he had parked his car on the roadside outside a friend's house. When he came out he found that a passing snow-plough had buried the car, and it took him hours digging out and starting up. When he got home to his garage at five in the morning, he had to dig his way out again to get to work'.



The central tower of Canada's Parliament Building, Ottawa, seen through a frame of snow-covered branches

A NEW STATUE OF BYRON

'Read—rode—fired pistols—returned—dined—wrote—visited—heard music—talked nonsense—and went home. Wrote part of a Tragedy . . . bought a blanket'. That is what Lord Byron put in his diary 138 years ago, said ERNLE BRADFORD, speaking in 'Today'. 'He wrote it in Italy—where he spent so many years of his life; and what brings it to mind is that I see the Italians have at last decided to erect a statue of him in Rome.

'The statue is a copy of the original by Thorwaldsen, now in Trinity College, Cambridge. It is of Carrara marble and weighs about six tons. It will be unveiled in Rome this spring. What brought it all fresh to my mind when I read about it was the last bust of Lord Byron that I saw. It was in Missolonghi—a grey, swampy fishing port in Greece, on the north side of the Gulf of Patras. It was in Missolonghi that Byron died. He was out there leading the Greeks in their fight for independence.

'I happened to go there because I was sailing my small boat through the Gulf of Patras when a storm blew up. Night was coming down so I decided to put in. When I woke up in Missolonghi the streets were sparkling and the earth was smelling fresh

and clean. A café was open, and I had a glass of very sweet Turkish coffee, washed down with some *owzo*. "You've come to see where Milord Byron died?" asked the proprietor. He told me the site of the house where he died had been preserved and that there was a statue to him in the Garden of the Heroes.

"I found it at last, a full-length statue of the poet*. He was brooding over the wet grass and the steamy sunny day. Dark-eyed Greek children were playing round the poet's feet and bowling hoops—for all the world as if sorrow had never existed. Moss was growing on Byron's stone waistcoat, and his cheeks were bearded with a spider's web. He did not have a very happy life—but he loved gaiety and happiness in others. I only hope the new statue in Rome will be placed so that people can sit and gossip in its shadow. There is nothing Byron loved more than chatter and "talking nonsense"."

WINTER VISITORS

Discussing the movements and immigrations of the thrush family—particularly redwings and fieldfares—in 'Birds in Britain' in the West of England Home Service KENNETH WILLIAMSON said:

"The peak time for immigration is the second half of October, though the redwings—whose winter quarters range from Britain to the Mediterranean countries—start a little earlier than the fieldfares.

"The biggest invasions of redwings, fieldfares and blackbirds coincide with strong anticyclonic developments over Scandinavia, because anticyclones bring bright weather with clear skies and little wind. This sort of weather, we now know, is extremely important to the migrant; for, given a clear night sky, it seems the thrushes are able to navigate fairly accurately by observing the pattern of the stars, while the light winds—always easterly on the southern side of a European anticyclone—help them on their way and reduce the risk of their being blown off course.

"When the hundreds of thousands of birds set off from over a vast area of northern Europe, the weather may be perfect: but they cannot possibly know what conditions are like ahead. Not infrequently they run into bad weather when attempting to cross the Skagerrak, or, later, the North Sea "narrows" between the Low Countries and East Anglia. In some years, vast numbers of lost redwings and blackbirds are blown to the north; and just after first light on wild, wet October days I have watched hundreds dropping out of the sky on to the moors and cliffs of Fair Isle, between Orkney and Shetland, which is not on their migratory route at all. Many of these wind-drifted birds miss Fair Isle and Shetland altogether, and get carried northwards to the Faeroe Islands and even as far as Iceland. They are the more fortunate ones, because sometimes we get reports of thrushes well out in the Atlantic at trawlers and weather-ships, absolutely lost and with little hope of ever reaching land again.

"Just such an accident as this, in January 1937, led to the fieldfare establishing itself as a breeding species in the New World. A tremendous depression west of Iceland, with gale-force south-east winds, drove a large flock northwards from somewhere near the Skagerrak or the North Sea, and the survivors were later discovered nesting in the Julianehaab district of south-west Greenland. They appear to have been lucky to find a part of Greenland suitable to nest in, and they stayed there, and have done well since. The average drift-migrants that make a landfall are not necessarily

lost. When good, clear weather comes again they move south, and recoveries of drift-migrants, ringed at Fair Isle in past years, suggest that they are able to re-direct their migration.

"This is the pattern of thrush immigration in most years, though such weather may be confined to a few days only in the migration season. Almost every October there were days at Fair Isle when you could trap and ring blackbirds and redwings from dawn till sunset. But I hear that during the past October less than a dozen blackbirds were recorded at Fair Isle, which seems to me from my own experience there an incredible dearth: but the answer is that 1958 was a propitious October for these birds, practically devoid of these disastrous south-easterlies in the North Sea, so that vast numbers of blackbirds and other thrushes were able to travel unimpeded to the narrowest part of the North Sea before crossing to Britain'.



A fieldfare pecking at an apple in the snow; and, below, a redwing in flight



Eric Hosking

POCKETS

"Well-organized pockets mean a well-organized life, and people don't give enough thought to this", said J. B. BOOTHROYD in 'Today'. "What boy ever has a pocket-lesson? None that I know of. They put pen-knives in with very old, pliable toffees; money with string; sometimes, if they have sensitive stomachs and dinner at school, beetroot with boiled potato. Neither the boy

nor anyone else knows what he's got in his pockets, until his trousers go to the cleaners; and then, surprise, surprise, old dog's bones, little motor-cars, a seven of hearts, a wheel off someone's roller-skate, a batting-glove thumb.

"The tailors are partly to blame. Their provision of pockets is on a reckless scale. But the tailors themselves, of course, only wear two-piece suits—just the waistcoat and trousers; by the time they've accommodated their pencil and scissors and chalk and notebook they only have about two pockets left to worry about. They should get out into the great world outside, where men wear jackets as well, making an average of fourteen pockets in all, counting the little pocket in a pocket where you try to shove your wallet when you're conscious of holding up a queue at the booking-office.

"In the overcoat season the number can rise to seventeen. This means that the man who wants to get his money's worth out of his clothes has to find an awful lot of stuff to carry round with him everywhere. Often, as he leaves the house in the morning, he finds that his left-hand trouser pocket is empty, and he has to rush back and snatch up something to fill it—a piece of pumice-stone, a bottle of throat-paint, anything handy. And these objects he automatically incorporates into his daily pocket-fodder. Routine steps in. He becomes a slave to them. Finding half-way to the office that he isn't carrying his all-purpose screwdriver with three sizes of fuse-wire in the handle, he must either go back and get it or have a sense of incompleteness all day. At night his bedside-table is stacked. In the morning he is exhausted before the day begins, with the frenzied left-right-left of pocket-stuffing as the heap of rubbish melts away about his person.

"The well-organized pocket is the empty pocket. Do we really need this brochure from Ferguson's Collapsible Hatstand Company? This car-park ticket dated August 1956? These samples of curtain material? Frankly, no. Let us stitch up thirteen of our pockets, and keep a latch-key and a pound note in the other. Make it a ten-shilling note and we shan't need a latch-key. On ten shillings we can't really stay out late enough".

The Moon and the Rockets

By PATRICK MOORE

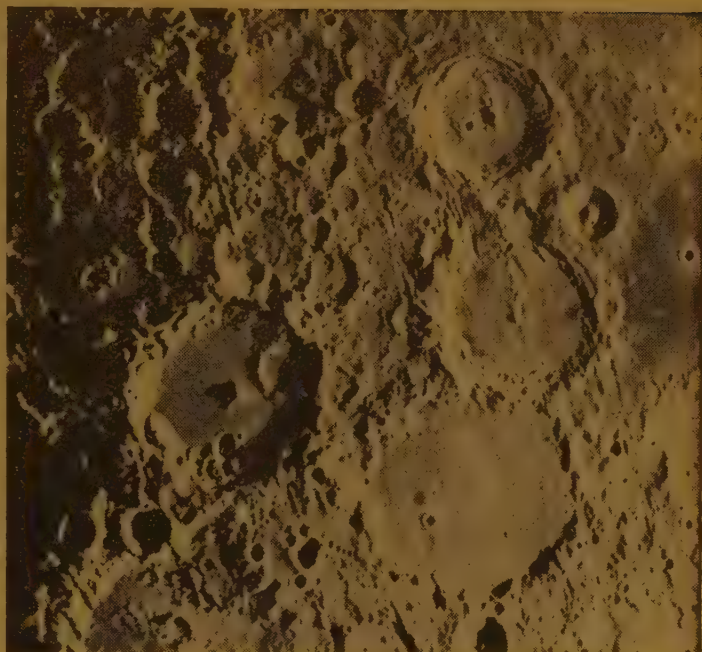
This article is based on talks given by Mr. Moore in the programmes 'The Sky at Night', presented in B.B.C. television this month and last month

THE Moon, by far the nearest natural body in the heavens, has always been an object of wonder to mankind. In the distant past it was worshipped as a god, and second in importance only to the Sun. This was natural enough, but nothing could be further from the truth. The Moon is a very minor body, and appears striking only because it is relatively so close to us. Its average distance is about 239,000 miles, which is not far on the astronomical scale. Venus, nearest of the planets, is always at least 100 times as remote.

Any small telescope will show detail upon the lunar surface. There are broad, dark plains, inappropriately named 'seas'; such are the Mare Imbrium (Sea of Showers), Oceanus Procellarum (Ocean of Storms), and Mare Serenitatis (Sea of Serenity). We also see lofty mountains, some of which equal or surpass our own Everest, and many thousands of walled circular formations known as craters, as well as minor features such as cracks or 'clefts', pits and domes.

Recently the Moon has been very much in the news. There are two reasons for this. First, attempts are being made to send rockets to it; secondly, a volcanic outbreak has been observed upon what many astronomers believed to be a completely inert world.

The Moon has a diameter of only 2,160 miles, and an escape velocity of one and a half miles per second, as compared with



Craters on the Moon's surface: Alphonsus, 'the middle member of a chain of major formations', is seen between Arzachel to the south (above) and Ptolemaeus to the north (below). On the left is Albategnius

seven miles per second for the Earth. It does not retain an appreciable atmosphere; such a mantle may have existed in the remote past, but has long since leaked away into space simply because the Moon's comparatively weak gravitational pull was unable to hold it down. Advanced life on the surface is out of the question, and even lowly vegetation appears highly improbable, so that there were obvious grounds for believing the Moon to be utterly dead. One eminent astronomer described it unflatteringly as a 'celestial corpse'. During the past 150 years or so its surface has been closely mapped, and up to last November there was no certain evidence of any change in even the smaller details. Admittedly there is the case of the formation Linné; this was described as a deep, eight-mile crater before 1843, but has certainly not existed as such since 1866, and now appears as a very small crater-pit surrounded by a whitish area. It may have suffered an alteration in form, but we have no conclusive proof.

Then, in November 1958, came a most interesting report from Russia. It was said that on the third of that month N. Kozirev, using the 50-inch reflector at the Crimean Astrophysical Observatory, had seen what was undoubtedly a volcanic outbreak from the central peak of Alphonsus, a large crater over seventy miles in diameter near the centre of the Moon's disk. It was also said that he had obtained spectrograms which proved the temporary existence of a high-temperature area, and revealed unmistakable traces of hot carbon gas.

The report was so sensational, and so unexpected, that it was received with marked scepticism—at least in Britain. It was felt that there might have been grave errors in translation or interpretation, though this was naturally no reflection upon Kozirev himself, who has an international reputation as an expert in this field of research (as well as in others). When further information came to hand, however, there could no longer be any serious doubt that the report was correct. The following account is based upon a letter sent to me by Kozirev a few weeks ago. He was also kind enough to send me copies of his spectrograms, with a full description of the observing methods used.

On the night in question (November 3-4) Kozirev was continuing the lunar programme in which he has been engaged for



Part of the Moon's surface, showing the Mare Imbrium (the large dark area) bordered by (above, left) the 'Apennines' and (below, left) the 'Alps' and the crater Plato

Photographs: Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories

some time. The 50-inch reflector does not possess a separate guiding telescope, and in consequence Kozirev lined up the slit of his spectrograph with Alphonsus, which is a particularly conspicuous crater lying in a position which makes it very suitable for this purpose. Suddenly he noticed that the central peak appeared to be blurred, and was covered with a reddish patch in slow but perceptible motion. This appearance lasted for a comparatively short time, but when the spectrograms were developed they showed at once that the appearance had been due not to any trick of the eye but to a genuine outbreak. Spectrum lines due to carbon (C_2 and C_3) were much in evidence, as well as other lines which have not yet been certainly identified.

The obvious explanation is that gas was expelled from inside the Moon, and that this disturbed surface dust, causing the 'cloud' observed visually. Kozirev himself attributes this 'cloud' to the illumination, by the Sun, of dust and ashes sent out from the site of the disturbance. Subsequently, later in November, two British observers, H. P. Wilkins and G. A. Hole, independently reported that a reddish patch had appeared in the area, due presumably to coloured material spread about at the time of the outbreak.

This is not the first occasion upon which disturbances inside Alphonsus have been suggested. In 1882 H. Klein, a German observer, maintained that minor activity took place inside some of the dark patches on the crater floor; much more recently (1957) D. Alter, using a 60-inch reflector at Mount Wilson, obtained photographs which he interpreted as showing temporary obscurations in Alphonsus. However, it has been left to Kozirev to provide proof.

Whether activity there is continuing at the present moment remains to be seen. Large instruments are needed for such research, and from my own observatory, which is equipped with a 12½-inch reflector, I have so far been unable to see the red patch detected by Wilkins and Hole (though admittedly I have not been favoured with good observing conditions). Meanwhile, let us examine the significance of the outbreak.

The most important point seems to be that the Moon is not so dead as most astronomers have believed. On many occasions during the past hundred years obscurations have been reported not only inside Alphonsus but also in other craters, notably Plato, a sixty-mile formation near the border of the Mare Imbrium, which is noted for the dark-grey hue of its floor; doubt upon these obscurations has been cast by astronomers who have not personally seen them, but we have to admit that what can happen inside Alphonsus can happen in other craters too. Of course, such phenomena are rare and elusive. During over twenty years' study of the Moon I have seen only one with any degree of certainty, though I have suspected three or four more. Occasional observers, who turn large telescopes toward the Moon for a few hours each year, can hardly hope to be lucky enough to detect them.

Secondly, the whole matter has obvious bearing upon one of the most interesting of all lunar problems—that of how the craters came into being. Here there is a sharp difference of opinion. Many theories have been advanced from time to time (a Spanish engineer named Sixto Ocampo even suggested that the craters were the scars left by atomic bombs exploded during a war between two races of Moon-men, ending only when the lunar seas were 'fired' and fell back to earth *en bloc*, causing the biblical flood!) but only two hypotheses, the meteoric and the igneous, seem to merit serious consideration.

According to the first of these theories, the craters were pro-

duced by a cosmical bombardment extending over many millions of years. We know that meteors are very plentiful in space, and such a body hitting the Moon would undoubtedly produce a crater; indeed, we have meteor craters on our own world, the most famous of which is situated in Arizona. Superficially it is not unreasonable to suppose that the lunar craters were produced in such a way.

The meteor theory was originally proposed by F. von P. Gruithuisen, a skilful but highly imaginative German observer of the mid-nineteenth century. It was forgotten, revived in the eighteen-seventies by R. A. Proctor, and then more or less discarded once more until fairly recent times. Since the end of the war it has become popular again, and is supported by astronomers of the eminence of F. Hoyle, R. B. Baldwin, G. P. Kuiper,

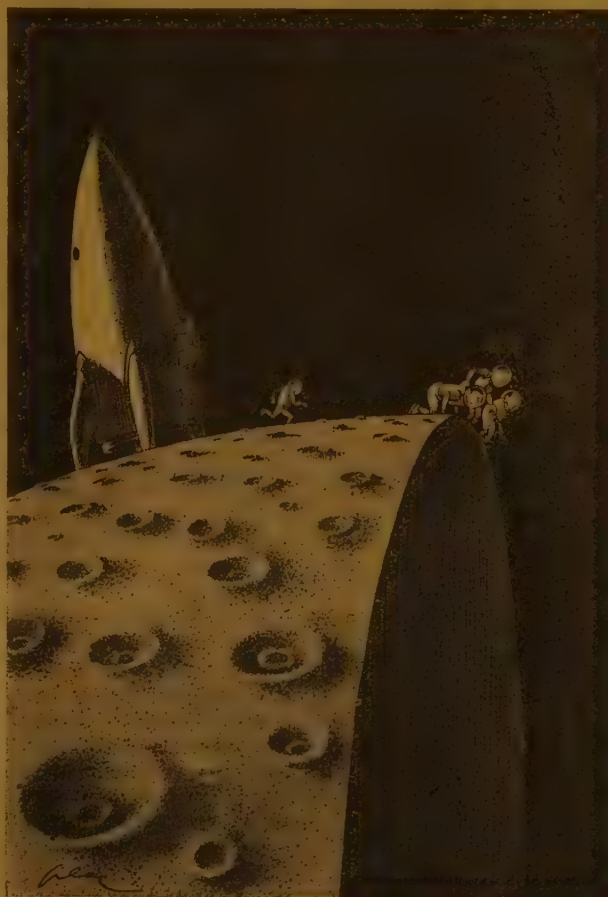
and H. Spencer Jones. On the other hand it must be admitted that there are serious objections to it. The distribution of the craters is not random, as would be expected; small formations tend to line up in well-marked chains, and this is also the case with the large craters. Alphonsus itself is the middle member of a chain of major formations, its companions being Ptolemaeus to the north and Arzachel to the south. Groups and pairs of craters are also common. Moreover, it has never been suggested that all the craters were formed at the same epoch, and each new impact would produce a devastating 'moonquake' which would probably ruin any older craters over a wide area. It is also worth noting that when one crater intrudes into another, as often happens, it is always the smaller crater which breaks into the larger. On the whole Moon I know of only one probable departure from this rule.

Those who have little faith in the meteor theory point out that such distribution would be expected if the craters were produced by igneous action. (The term 'volcanic' is best avoided; as there is no suggestion that the lunar formations are similar to terrestrial volcanoes such as Vesuvius and Etna.) Such has always been my own view, and I have suggested an uplift and sub-

sidence process which seems to me to account better for the main lunar formations. My own ideas are probably not in the least original, and may well be very wide of the mark, but it does appear that the new evidence of vulcanism near the central peak of a major crater supports the igneous theory in some form.

There are meteor craters on Earth; there must therefore be meteor craters on the Moon too. The point at issue is whether the large formations, including the 'seas', are igneous or not. Probably we shall not know the whole truth until we make direct contact with the Moon, and this brings us to the second development of recent weeks—the Russian rocket.

The first artificial earth satellite was launched by Soviet scientists on October 4, 1957, and may be said to have opened a new phase of research. Since then there have been further launchings from both sides of the Atlantic, and everyone is familiar with the principles of the various space vehicles—Explorers, Vanguards, and the rest. In the latter part of 1958 the Americans went one step further, and made an attempt to send a rocket on a round trip, so that photographs could be obtained of the 41 per cent. of the Moon's surface which is always turned away from us, and which we can therefore never see so long as we remain on the surface of our own world. The probe, aptly named the Pioneer, may be described as a glorious failure. It reached an altitude of 79,000 miles, but then fell back to destruction in the Earth's atmosphere.



By permission of the proprietors of 'Punch'

In the first days of 1959 the Russians accomplished what the Americans had failed to do. Their rocket, known semi-officially as the 'Lunik', passed within 5,000 miles of the Moon, and became a tiny independent body circling the Sun in an orbit of its own. So far as is known at present, it will have a revolution period of between one and two years, and its distance from the Sun will vary between 91,000,000 and about 120,000,000 miles. Within the next few years it will again approach the Earth to approximately 6,000,000 miles, but the chances of our picking it up with our telescopes are extremely slender. To calculate the precise orbit of a body which is, astronomically speaking, of negligible mass is very difficult, and we have even lost track of some of the interesting minor planets which have made relatively close approaches to us—although these bodies are a mile or two in diameter, with masses much greater than that of the Lunik.

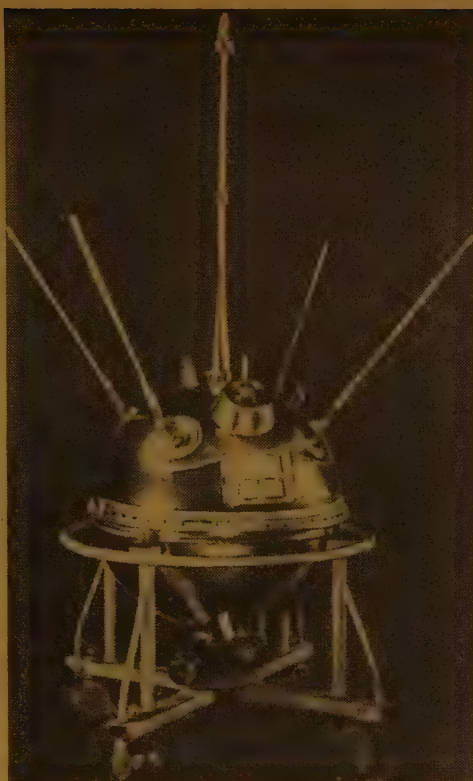
A body moving in a Lunik-type path will not normally crash-land upon the Moon, or enter a circum-lunar orbit, unless it is given a fresh impulse at the critical moment. Provisions for this were made in the case of the unsuccessful Pioneer. But the Russians have stated that they had no such intention; they were content to lose track of their rocket for good once it had passed the Moon and moved away into space. (To suggest that they did in fact mean to send the vehicle into a closed orbit round the Moon, but failed to do so, is tempting but ungenerous!) According to Soviet reports, contact with the Lunik's radio transmitters was maintained for sixty-two hours. After that, the experiment was at an end. What, then, are the results?

Undoubtedly much information has been gained with regard to launching processes and orbits, but in the present article we are concerned more specifically with purely lunar matters. Certain investigations can be carried out only with rockets. For instance, it is important to find out whether the Moon is associated with a belt of intense radiation similar to that which the Americans have detected surrounding the Earth. A vehicle passing sufficiently close to the Moon would be able to record such a field, if it exists, and send its findings back to Earth. This must be one of the functions of future probes, if not of the Lunik itself. As a matter of fact, the Moon appears to have no appreciable magnetic field, and this may indicate the absence of a radiation belt; but so far we have no direct proof either way, and we must await developments.

Experience gained from the Lunik will also lead on to the next step—the actual landing of instrumented rockets upon the Moon's surface. Here again there are important problems to be solved in connexion with the nature of the surface itself.

Whether the craters are igneous or meteoric, a certain amount of surface dust and ash is to be expected, and it is noticeable that local colour is virtually absent on the Moon; there are no vivid reds, blues, or greens. It is generally believed that any dust or ash layer must be very shallow, with a depth of no more than an inch or so, but some astronomers hold the contrary view. T. Gold, formerly of Greenwich Observatory, has suggested that the layer may be kilometres deep, so that in his words 'space-travellers of the future will simply sink into the dust with their gear'.

We must admit that the evidence for such dust-dreifs is fragmentary, and few lunar observers have any faith in the theory. However, we need to know whether or not the Moon's surface is sufficiently solid to support a rocket, manned or unmanned, and the only way to find out is to land a vehicle there. This will certainly be done within the next few years, and the Lunik represents only one step in the general programme. It is obvious that if we can bring down a rocket



The last stage of the Russian 'Lunik', which passed within 5,000 miles of the Moon and is now in orbit round the Sun. It is shown here on a stand before being placed in the rocket

sufficiently gently to avoid wrecking its transmitters, we will quickly gather in a vast store of new information.

The long-range implications are greater still. Official Russian statements make it clear that plans are being made to send probes as far as Mars and Venus, and also to dispatch manned vehicles to the Moon.

Men have always dreamed to space-travel, but only during the past few years has 'astronautics' changed from science fiction into a true science. Even now, curiously enough, the whole idea still meets with a certain amount of opposition. Few doubt that interplanetary flight will become possible in the foreseeable future, but one school of thought maintains that it will not be necessary, since instruments can do all and more than human crews can do—and, moreover, lack many of the human frailties.

There is a certain amount of justification for such an attitude, but it represents a short-sighted view. In many respects man is still far superior to any machine, and even from the most coldly technical viewpoint true space-flight is well worth while. Consider, for instance, some of the problems presented by the Moon which we can never solve in any other way.

Until we can carry out actual research from the surface, we will never learn all we want to know about the past history of the Moon; this in turn will lead us on to a better understanding of the story of the universe itself. Analysis of the crustal materials is the only solution, and this is beyond the scope of any unmanned vehicle, however well instrumented. We can hardly hope to find traces of former life there, since it appears overwhelmingly probable that living creatures have never existed upon the Moon; but there is much to find out. If in the future it becomes possible to set up a full-scale laboratory upon the lunar surface, all branches of science will benefit immeasurably.

Lunar travel is not possible yet, and innumerable obstacles remain to be overcome before it can be seriously considered. Yet the rockets sent up during the past eighteen months bring home the rapidity of our technical advance, and observations of the Moon itself show us that our nearest neighbour in space is indeed a fascinating world.

A Lie for the Future

When you are fifty-five or sixty-five
(Quite soon), when fewer people turn to stare,
And fear of death alone keeps you alive;
With thickening waist-line and with thinning hair
'At least', you then will think, 'one does not falter,
One does not fall away, one does not alter'.

A lie, of course, a lie; for I long since
Shall have begun to rail against the waste
Of days and of devotion and to wince
At all your faults of vanity and taste.
'Most things', I'll think then, 'come to those who wait,
But come too stale and shop-soiled, come too late'.

But which of us will voice these truths or dare
Admit to folly? Which have strength to break
Habits as all-encompassing as air?
Rather, each silent for our lost love's sake,
Won't we prefer, as friends and years grow fewer,
Still one to act pursued and one pursuer?

FRANCIS KING

Hellas Revisited

By SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE

I HAD my first sight of Greece coming from the Dardanelles in August 1915. Sir Ian Hamilton had insisted on my going for medical attention to Athens in the 'Imogen', our old Embassy yacht in Constantinople which brought us mail and messengers every week. I can hear his voice now: 'You're looking wretchedly ill, and I don't want to lose another of you young writers'. He was referring to the death of Rupert Brooke.

Thirty-six hours later, at dawn on August 15, too much on fire with the thought of at last beholding Greece to care about illness or pain I dragged myself up on deck, and I was granted the perfect expression of a lifelong dream. The 'Imogen' was passing below Cape Sunion; and there, white and light as a sea-bird on the cliff's edge, I saw the marble columns of the Temple of Poseidon, a legend-haunted world of famous mountains beyond. I stood there and watched in a rapture those white columns grow warm as ivory when the great sun came glancing up out of the sea to port. It was all Hellas in a moment.

Within four hours the 'Imogen' had berthed in the little harbour of Phaleron. The first view of the Acropolis of Athens glittering in the morning sunlight set my pulses racing again, for it, too, was fulfilling the fancies of years in a way I had never dared to suppose would ever really happen.

That magical first view of Greece was the prelude to more than two exciting years of intelligence work there. During that time my devotion to Greece, which went back to my ninth year when I started to learn the ancient language, grew deeper every day. Yet, in the passions roused by the struggle between King Constantine and Venizelos to direct the country's course, after Venizelos the great Cretan himself I was the most hated figure on his side, and when in December 1916 the King's party triumphed in Athens owing to the divergent policies pursued by the British and French Governments I was just able to get off the mainland with my life and re-establish our organization on Syra in the middle of the Cyclades. From here we were able to swing every island over to the Provisional Government which had been set up in Salonica by the Venizelists. However, I was forbidden to set foot in Athens myself because it was supposed that my presence would be a signal for disorder to break out again. I defied the ban once when Venizelos returned in June 1917 in order to give him an urgent warning about some ambitious intrigue, and last year when a Hellenic cruise ship called at the



'White and light as a sea-bird on the cliff's edge, I saw the marble columns of the Temple of Poseidon'

Piraeus I drove to the Acropolis and wandered about the Parthenon for an hour or two. Apart from those two brief visits I had not set foot in Athens since December 1916 until I went there last September to spend nearly eight enchanted weeks making three television films for the B.B.C.

Forty-two years is a long time for a man to let go by before he sleeps again in the city of his dreams. I knew I should be welcome there because during those years I have never lost an opportunity to put my pen at the service of Greece, but I was not prepared for such a warmth of welcome as I was given wherever I went. It was a fortifying experience for an old man to meet again people he had known and loved when he was young and find himself immediately as intimate with them again as if the years since last they met had been obliterated.

A famous Cretan fighter of the past—as famous a fighter as those wonderful Cretans who fought beside that splendid chap, Patrick Leigh Fermor, in the last war—came into the lobby of the King George Hotel where I was staying and kissed me on both cheeks. The guests of a great international hotel must have smiled to see an old gentleman of seventy-five being embraced by another old gentleman of eighty-one.

I might have been less surprised by the warmth of my welcome if the Athens of forty years ago had been recognizable in the Athens of today. A city with a quarter of a million inhabitants had become a city of a million and a quarter. Neither of the two houses in which I lived had survived the erection of huge new buildings. The gaudy great American taxis, directed by traffic police dressed like firemen, made the horse-drawn chaises of once upon a time seem as remote as the chariots of the early Britons. But I shall not expatiate on the difference between the Athens of today and the Athens of forty years ago, because hardly anybody listening to me at this moment will remember that Athens; and now that more and more tourists every year are going there to find comfortable and clean hotels which do not over-

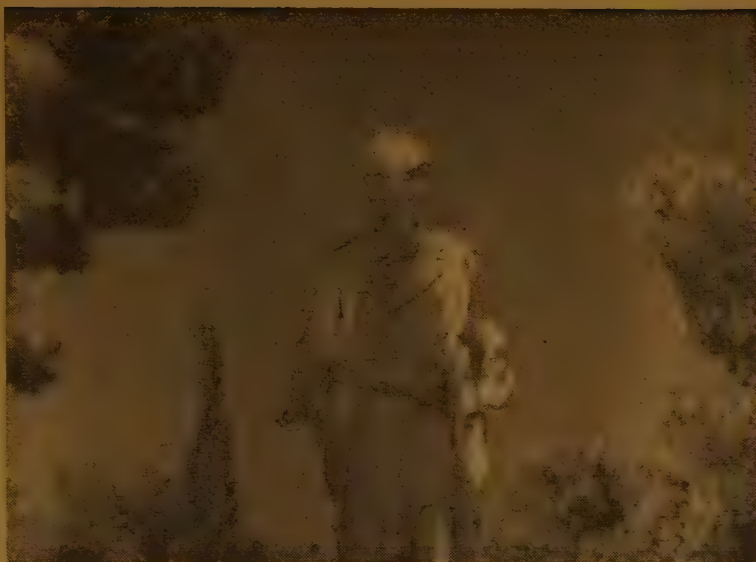


The Taygetus, 'that sublime mountain range of 8,000 feet which looks down on Sparta'

charge them there is no point in recalling the bug-haunted hostelrys that used to make summer in Greece a bit of an ordeal.

But the improvement that struck me most was the state of the roads today compared with the roads over which I drove in 1916. The new *corniche* road between Athens and Cape Sunion makes an impressive third to compete with the *corniche* roads of the French Riviera and the wonderful *corniche* road from Sorrento to Amalfi. I reflected sadly as we drove along the edge of the blue Aegean on the failure to provide a similar *corniche* road independent of ferries for the whole length of the west coast of Scotland. People who can still tramp thirty miles in a day are always inclined to oppose any encouragement to motorists but when they reach my age they will regret their conservatism.

Until not so long ago, to drive from Athens to Sparta was almost as much of a strain as it was for Phidippides when he ran the 150 miles across country in three days to warn the Spartans of the Persian invasion which the Athenians met at Marathon. Today that drive offers the motorist a longer stretch of magnificent scenery on a first-class road than anywhere in Europe. And from the orange-groves of Sparta, except in winter, he can drive through a stupendous gorge in the Taygetus, that sublime mountain range of 8,000 feet which looks down on Sparta, to Calamata and the sea. By next year he will have a perfect road from there to Pylos, which is one of the most attractive ports in all the Mediterranean. At last I saw Sphacteria where Spartans surrendered for the first and last time. I had waited to do this ever since I tackled the account of it in Thucydides sixty-four



The statue of Lord Byron at Missolonghi: a photograph taken during the making of three films on 'The Glory that was Greece' by Sir Compton Mackenzie which are to be shown on B.B.C. Television. The series is produced by Stephen Hearst

years ago. This is a sacred spot for Britons who still believe that small nations should be free, for here is Navarino, where eighty-eight Turkish and Egyptian ships were sunk by the Franco-Russian-British squadron under Sir Edward Codrington. A road northward along the west coast of the Moraea or Peloponnese is being contemplated, and I expect the Greeks will have it finished before we begin even to contemplate a west-coast road in Scotland.

The Highlands were continuously in my mind when I was in the Peloponnese and, as one would expect, it was there that the people are most devoted to kingship. When I was in Greece forty years back I could not go to



Evzones on parade in Athens

Sparta where I should have been regarded as the Macdonalds of Glencoe would have regarded an emissary of Dutch William. And I count among the major gratifications of my life an invitation I was given by the Prefect of Laconia and the Mayor of Sparta to an official reception the next time I come to Sparta.

Perhaps the most striking change I saw during those weeks in Greece was at Naupactus on the north side of the strait of Lepanto at the entrance of the Corinthian Gulf. It was from here that I had my last glimpse of Greece in September 1917 from a French torpedo-boat. Our little armed yacht 'Avlis'—which I regret to say was sunk by a German bomber in 1941—had brought me from Syra to the rendezvous, and to quote from my book *Aegean Memories*:

We rowed from the yacht into a fortified medieval harbour and glided over water dark and glassy as a bottle shadowed by the castellated walls which carried on from the harbour to enclose the little town upon a green hillside. The narrow streets were two feet deep in golden grain just threshed. Nobody ever seems to visit Naupactus. . . . I do not know what has happened to it since 1917, but there was not then, as far as I remember, a single modern house or building.

Well, what has happened to Naupactus since 1917 is that it has become a bustling little modern port with hardly one old house left standing, and it will become one of the most popular



A Greek family on their way to the fields

tourist resorts in Greece when the excellent road from Missolonghi is made as good all the way to Delphi along the north side of the Gulf. My first visit to Missolonghi! The bastion with the old gun still remains from that heroic defence against the Turks. Here is a statue of Byron who died there and whose memory is revered by Greeks as the greatest philhellene of all. Here are cenotaphs commemorating other philhellenes of several nations who gave their lives to redeem the soil of Greece from the Turk. The visit to what is now a garden of remembrance was a profoundly moving experience, and I came away from it with a renewed determination to keep the cause of Greece a sacred duty for my pen.

In Livadia the proprietor of a coffee-house, his puzzled blue eyes looking deep into mine, asked me why Britain had turned against Greece. He had been one of the *Evdones* (those are the kilted Greeks) who had routed the crack Giulia Division of the invading Italian army in November 1940. Up there in the icy Pindus range he had suffered from frost-bite, and had been invalided out of the army. When the Germans overran Greece in April 1941 he had been one of hundreds of Greeks who had hidden and fed British soldiers who had failed to get away from Greece when our forces left the country. For three years he looked after an officer and three men until at last he was able to get them down to the coast hidden under a load of hay where they were rescued by a submarine. After the war that British officer came back to repay his host who at the risk of his own life had sheltered him. All that my friend in that coffee-house would accept was a dinner. No Greek betrayed one of our men, and the Germans were not gentle enemies. Remember that they deliberately starved the Greeks: half a million died of hunger in two years. I heard of one aristocratic lady in Athens who used to dress herself in rags and beg food in the streets in order to feed a British soldier she was hiding.

In Crete I had the privilege of meeting Father Dionysius, the ex-abbot of the renowned monastery of Arkadia where in 1866 more than 300 men and women blew themselves up rather than surrender to the 15,000 Turks who had surrounded them. Father Dionysius was a thorn in the side of the Germans and in spite of being badly beaten up in prison he baffled them to the end. Father Dionysius is now seventy-eight years old but he is still as active as a squirrel and insisted on taking my arm to guide me down a flight of steps. He spoke with admiration and affection of the British officers with whom he had carried on a guerrilla warfare about which at that date we were so enthusiastic. I was glad to see the exact spot in the road where Patrick Leigh Fermor and his companions kidnapped the German General. It was heart-warming to see the bright eyes of Father Dionysius grow brighter as he spoke of Leigh Fermor, with whom I am happy to say I visited Thermopylae. I could not have wished for a more suitable companion with whom to visit a spot sacred to human valour.

Do not suppose that the ordinary British tourist who has never visited Greece before will not be welcome there at the moment. He will receive courtesy, kindness, and hospitality wherever he goes. The Greeks are a magnanimous and grateful people, and puzzled though they have been by our attitude during the last five years they still remember that Britain was the power that brought them independence, that Britain gave them the Ionian Islands, that Britain was mainly instrumental in securing the independence of Crete, and that Britain, with a great statesman like Lloyd George at the helm, secured for them Smyrna and the islands along the coast of Asia Minor after the first world war. If I speak of what happened after Lloyd George was got rid of I shall fall into the mud of party politics, and that would spoil the picture in my mind's eye of the loveliest land in Europe, even lovelier in my old age than it seemed in my youth.

—Home Service

The Making of Classical Greece

Myth and Cosmology in Classical Greece

By D. J. FURLEY

I WANT to describe some current views about the origins of Greek science and philosophy, and at the same time to discuss a more radical question: What difference should it make to our estimation of the Greek philosophers, if we discover the origins of their theories in some non-philosophical source? This is an important question to ask, because failure to consider it openly sometimes leads to misunderstandings and therefore to unnecessary controversies.

The sixth-century philosophers of Miletus were chiefly concerned with cosmology—that is, with the problem of the structure of the world. They saw the earth, apparently immovable and apparently surrounded by the sea, with the stars circling above at night, and the sun and the moon moving along different circular paths, all separated from the earth by a gap, which was sometimes filled with wind or mist or cloud, and sometimes apparently empty. They began to try to explain this arrangement, and their explanations took the form of speculative descriptions of how it all came about—how the world began and how it grew.

They imagined that the original state of the world was a single, homogeneous substance: Thales said it was water, Anaximander said it was of no particular character, Anaximenes said it was air, or something like air. The next stage in the making of the world was the formation within the single, homogeneous mass of differentiated masses. How exactly this came about according to Thales is not reliably reported, but we can be more definite about Anaximander. In his view, the next stage seems to have been the formation of one specially privileged area of the original indefinite mass—privileged according to the best account by having the properties of a seed; and from this there grew differentiated masses—probably fire and mist first, differen-

tiated by being hot and cold respectively. We are told that a sphere of flame grew round the air or mist 'like bark round a tree'. The earth formed in the middle; the sphere of flame was somehow separated from the core, and it split up into rings of flame; the rings were apparently enclosed then in some opaque substance, but there were punctures in the outer covers, through which the flames could be seen. The punctures are what men see as the sun and moon and stars.

In addition to these explanations of the origin of the cosmos the Milesians had something to say about the maintenance of its stability. The earth, according to Thales, floats on the top of water. Anaximander was more sophisticated: he saw no need to provide any foundation for the earth: it rests where it is, because there is no reason why it should move in any one direction rather than another. Anaximenes reverted to Thales's view, but substituted air for water: the earth floats like a leaf on the air.

In the one single sentence of Anaximander that is believed to be in his own words, and not in the summaries or paraphrases of others, he says that things return to the source from which they came, 'for they pay the penalty to each other and recompense for their injustice, according to the ordering of time'. He probably means that the encroachment of one element upon another's province (say an invasion of a piece of land by the sea) must be paid for in due course by a counterbalancing concession. So the cosmic changes (winter and summer, day and night, flood and drought, and so on) result in an overall equilibrium which is maintained rather as order is maintained in human societies.

It is possible—or used to be possible—to maintain that the

cosmology of the Milesians was a wholly Greek product. If you want to seek the forerunner of Thales and Anaximander, it was argued, you must look at early Greek poetry—Homer and Hesiod. Thales said that the origin of the world was water: but Homer, long before him, spoke of Okeanos, the great river or sea which was thought to encircle the world with its waters, 'the origin of gods and mother of Tethys'. Even Aristotle saw this idea of the generative ocean as an anticipation of Thales.

Hesiod's Story of the Creation

It is Hesiod, however, not Homer, who provides the clearest Greek story about the beginning of the world. 'The first thing that came into being', he says, 'was Chaos, and then broad-bosomed Gaia—the earth—a firm resting-place for all things always; and misty Tartaros, in a recess of the earth, and Eros, fairest among immortal gods . . .' Then (to summarize the rest of it) out of Chaos came Erebus and Night, and from their union Aither and Day were born. Earth produced Ouranos (sky), mountains and the sea by herself; and then, by mating with Ouranos, produced a long list of Titans.

Also, in Hesiod, there is another story with undertones, at least, of cosmogony. In this story Earth and Heaven, Gaia and Ouranos, had many children. But Ouranos their father hated them all, for some unexplained reason, so much that he buried them all away in the dark places of the earth. Then one of the children, Kronos, conspired with his mother to make an attack on Ouranos when he approached her. He castrated his father; the blood of Ouranos fertilized the earth and produced giants and nymphs and such creatures, and his seed fertilized the sea and produced the goddess Aphrodite.

These myths of Hesiod used to be put forward as the likely origin of Ionian cosmology. But it seems clear that the two stories in Hesiod are muddled and inconsistent in themselves, and impossible to reconcile with each other. Moreover, they contain material which is purely legendary and not concerned with cosmogony at all. So there is every reason to think that the cosmogony was not composed by Hesiod but was derived from earlier stories. It is possible that these earlier stories were Greek stories which have disappeared without any other trace: but since we can now point to Near East myths which are strikingly similar to the Greek myths, this view has become implausible.

The Eastern cosmogonical myths have been closely examined by classical scholars recently—I am thinking particularly of Professor Cornford's posthumous book *Principium Sapientiae*¹, some articles by Professor Uvo Hölscher of the Free University of Berlin², and Mr. G. S. Kirk's introductory chapter in the book published in Cambridge in 1957, which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. J. E. Raven³.

One of the most striking similarities is between the story of Kronos and Ouranos in Hesiod and the Hittite epic of Kumarbi; fragments of this epic discovered at Bogazköi were published in 1943. In this there is a tale of the violent separation of Heaven from Earth, symbolized in Hesiod's version by the castration of Ouranos; the castration story itself is repeated; there is the production of a new generation from the seed of the old god which fertilizes the sea in Hesiod's poem, the earth in the Hittite epic.

Earth's Parting from the Sky

If we compare this myth with the Ionian cosmologies we find at least one point in common—apart from the point that they both tell stories about the origin of the world. In both of them there is a stage in which the Earth is parted from the Sky. In the myth, the Earth is a woman and the Sky is a man and their union is sexual union; in the cosmology of Anaximander the flame which later forms the heavenly bodies grows round the mist encircling the earth like bark round a tree, and the flame, the mist, and the earth have all been one mass in the initial stage.

To turn again to the initial stage, it has always been something of a puzzle, to those who want Greek cosmology to be entirely Greek, why Thales should have chosen *water* as his original substance, and why he should have supposed that the earth floats on water. The mention of Okeanos in Homer is not really convincing: but the floating earth has many parallels in Eastern

mythology, and there are birth-stories, particularly in Egyptian myth, which might well have suggested water as the origin of all things.

Suppose we grant, then, that the first Greek philosophers got some of their ideas ready-made from the myths. Does this condemn them to be struck off the register of scientific thinkers? It may seem plausible to say so, because it is often held that a conclusion is scientific only if it is reached by means of inductive procedures of observation and experiment. But this is surely a mistake. The origins of a man's ideas do not determine whether he is a scientist or not: it is how he sets about confirming or justifying his ideas that counts. And it is in this, I think, that the real originality and importance of the early Greek philosophers lies.

I wish I could illustrate this effectively by referring to the sixth-century Milesian cosmologists. I will try to do so in a moment; but it has to be remembered that what we know about these men depends on a few scattered quotations and references in writers of a much later date. What we want is a connected argument—not only the philosopher's statement but the reasons he gave for believing it. The earliest connected philosophical argument of any length is the work of the fifth-century philosopher Parmenides. The original text is lost, but fortunately his tremendous importance was always recognized and some ancient writers whose work does survive quote him extensively.

Myth-maker and Philosopher

In the work of Parmenides we can see clearly the difference between the myth-maker and the philosopher or scientist, and we can see equally clearly that the origin of the theory is not important to this distinction. Parmenides claimed to have had some sort of divine revelation of the truth from a goddess: but she said 'Judge by reason what I tell you', and Parmenides expressed the content of his revelation as a coherent argument. He tried to give his grounds for believing each of the propositions he wanted to assert. He attacks the notion of cosmogony—of a beginning of the cosmos. 'It is', he says in effect: 'it neither was nor will be since it is now, all together, one, continuous: for what origin could it have? It could not originate from what is not, since what is not is nothing—does not exist; nor could it originate from what is, since it is itself all that there is'. So he argues that if you accept that it is, you must also accept that it has no origin. If we accept his argument, it is not because he claims a divine origin for it, but because it is a good argument. We can criticize it, and we accept it in so far as it stands up to criticism.

But this is what we cannot do with a myth. It is indeed difficult to imagine any such justification of a story about the marriage of Earth and Sky, or the castration of the sky-god by one of his sons. No doubt this is somewhat overstated: last summer in Cambridge I heard an interesting lecture by Mr. G. S. Kirk in which he pointed out the rationality of some of the Greek myths as opposed to the Near-Eastern myths. But I am sure it is generally true that the myths are unjustifiable, untestable, and the vitally important innovation of the Greek philosophers was their attempt to justify and to test their statements about the world.

The question is: Was this innovation made at once, by the Milesian cosmologists, or only by later philosophers? I think we must give the Milesians the benefit of the doubt. Thales said 'All is water', which may indeed sound like an untestable assertion: but he did speak of water—the ordinary stuff you can fill a bucket with—not of Nun and Naunet, the divine figures of Egyptian myth, or even of Okeanos. Anaximander's attempt to justify his views was by means of similes: the sphere of flame grew round the air like bark round a tree; the first differentiated masses grew out of something like a seed; cosmic order is maintained by processes like those which operate in human society—because of these similes we can judge whether the view is a plausible one or not. The similes are his claim to justification before the critical.

Why did this important innovation take place at that time, in Miletus, in the sixth century B.C.? A proper answer to this question would need an intimate knowledge of the cultural environment in which these philosophers lived; it is the sort of question

¹ Cambridge, 1952

² *Hermes*, Vol. 81, 1953

³ *The Presocratic Philosophers*. Cambridge, 1957. 55a.

to which simple answers are usually misleading. But perhaps it is legitimate to point to two elements in their cultural heritage. Professor Webster in an earlier talk in this series⁴ suggested that Homer's similes provide an early instance of the use of common observations for making something more intelligible or more vivid. Perhaps the Milesians learnt this type of justification from listening to Homer's poetry. The other kind of justification is by logical argument. Like Parmenides, you try to find a basic proposition which everyone will accept, and show that the view you want to recommend follows from it.

It is quite likely that theoretical mathematicians were the first to develop this. But this does not take us back beyond the Milesians, because the first theoretical mathematician of whom we have any record in the Greek world was the same Thales who was also the first cosmologist. Oriental mathematics, though extremely competent in a practical sense, seems to have provided the Greeks with only certain techniques and calculations; the logical presentation of theoretical arguments was apparently as new in Greek mathematics as it was in Greek philosophy.

I have been arguing that the mythical origins of the ideas of

the Greek philosophers are irrelevant when we are trying to assess them as scientists. I am pleased to find support for this view in Professor Popper's recent presidential address to the Aristotelian Society, called 'Back to the Pre-Socratics'. 'The question of [a theory's] origin, of how it is arrived at', Popper writes, 'whether by an "inductive procedure", as some say, or by an act of intuition, may be extremely interesting from the point of view of the biography of its originator, but it has little to do with its scientific character'.

I agree. But I do not mean to suggest that the recent studies of cosmogonical myths have done nothing for the study of early Greek philosophy. The Milesians are known to us through a few scraps of quotation in later writers, chiefly Aristotle and his pupils; and they present the ideas of their predecessors within the framework of their own categories. The study of the origins of philosophical speculation has been most useful in helping us to free the Milesian theories from the distortions of these later philosophers and to see them in their historical context. We have to be historians first, to decide what the Greek philosophers said, before we can be philosophical critics and assess what they said.

—Third Programme

⁴ THE LISTENER, December 24, 1958

Revolutionaries and their Principles

Milton's Vision of a Reformed England

By J. W. N. WATKINS

VERY different explanations of the outbreak of the Puritan Revolution were given by its three chief contemporary historians. James Harrington offered a sociological explanation: the political power the King needed exceeded the economic power he possessed; the political structure was top-heavy—too much authority based on too little land. The Earl of Clarendon did not believe that there were any inherent weaknesses in the social structure: in 1639 the King's three kingdoms were 'flourishing in entire peace and universal plenty'. What turned this sunny scene into a raging storm? Clarendon's answer was: external factors—the Scottish invasion and its exploitation by malcontents in England. Thomas Hobbes also believed that the Revolution was the work of seditious men; but what made possible their spectacular success against authority? Hobbes's answer was: the ideological turmoil of the time.

Of these three explanations, I prefer the third. I have no doubt that 1640-49 was the most intensively ideological period ever known in English politics. But I also believe that an ideological and revolutionary temper never altogether overcame traditional habits of thought among the leaders of the Revolution. It did not throw up any total revolutionaries. By 'total revolutionary' I mean what Hitler and Goebbels meant when they sadly concluded that Mussolini was no total revolutionary on finding him reluctant, for sentimental reasons, to have his daughter and son-in-law shot. A total revolutionary pursues his ideological goals with a single-minded indifference to other considerations.

The leaders of the Puritan Revolution were not like this. As events carry them further into an unfamiliar world, each of them, at some point or other, begins to get cold feet, to want to draw back, to feel a nostalgia for what has gone and a desire to preserve what remains.

I will give one notable example of latent conservatism being aroused in a Puritan leader. In 1647, the Army, besides holding the King prisoner, now occupied London and was threatening Parliament itself. A General Council of the Army was held at Putney. The Radical members of the Council made the ominous but not unrealistic announcement that the country was in a state of nature. The Council must design a new constitution for a new England, based on principles of justice found out by reason. To this, Henry Ireton, a revolutionary general in a revolutionary situation, replied that you cannot start afresh. It is the civil constitution which creates justice, not the other way round. The old English constitution has justice and reason and

prudence in it. Let us abide by it, he says; then 'I shall know a law and have a certainty'.

As the triumphs of 1641 gave way to the years of division and disappointment the ideologies with which the various reformers had confidently set out become increasingly modified and diluted. Indeed, John Lilburne seems to treat the various doctrines of political authority which he successively advanced during his many spells for reflection in prison as so many hypotheses to be scrapped whenever experience tells against them. That the English Revolution had no reign of terror and did not leave a permanent social scar can be attributed largely to this lack of ideological inflexibility.

But to this there is one majestic exception: John Milton. Milton is the Saint-Just of the English Revolution and the only pure ideologist that England has produced. He has a shining vision of the future. He despises the traditional and the customary. He has an intolerant hatred for anyone who does not fit his picture of a reformed England. And when, finally, he realizes that the English are refusing the future he envisaged for them, it is not his ideology but they who must suffer. Englishmen, with their tendency to make the best of their national assets, have placed Milton's *Areopagitica* alongside Locke's *Letters on Toleration* and Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, as one of the sacred writings of English liberalism. But nothing could be more false than the idea that Milton was a liberal. True, the *Areopagitica*, which was written during Milton's jubilant phase, attacks the censorship. But even at that time Milton was demanding far sterner measures against his opponents than the mere withholding of a licence to print.

The Reformation meant much more to him than a reform of church government. It meant a spiritual re-birth, a flood of light and strength where there had been darkness and superstition and fear.

methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep.

The new England will be peopled by men who are sturdy, self-reliant, sober and magnanimous, a family of sons, each in direct communion with God his father, without priests, masters, or servants. Their religion will be simple, as it was in the primitive church. They will read the Scriptures for themselves and they will enjoy the illumination of God's Grace. They will elect as their unpaid pastors humble men who will preach and succour, without chastising, their flock. These renaissance Englishmen will free their sinewy intellects from the tyranny of customary opinion.

They will work things out for themselves and they will achieve new triumphs in literature and science. That, in brief, is Milton's vision of a reformed England. It is accompanied, as the ideologist's vision usually is accompanied, by a burning hatred against those who stand in its way.

In 1641 Milton had not yet come to regard the King as an enemy. At that time he regarded the alliance between King and Bishops as an unnatural alliance foisted on the innocent King by the 'greasy sophistry' of self-seeking prelates. It was the Anglican prelacy which he regarded as the great malignant obstacle to the realization of his dream. The Anglican Bishops are proud and distant. They drain money from the veins of the Kingdom into its ulcers. They have given the Church a whorish gaudiness. They live like princes and are swollen with high thoughts. I find it hard to resist the conclusion that Milton was demanding something like a reign of terror against the Bishops. He insists that when you are dealing with extreme vice 'sudden and swift' measures are needed:

Let your severe and impartial doom imitate the divine vengeance; rain down your punishing force upon this godless and oppressive government.

What is the punishment which God has in store for the Bishops and which Milton's readers are called upon to anticipate?

After a shameful end in this Life (which God grant them) [they] shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest Gulf of Hell, where under the despicable control, the trample and spurn of all the other Damned, that in the anguish of their Torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a Raving and Bestial control over them as their Slaves and Negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most underfoot, and down-trodden Vassals of Perdition.

Charles did not remain exempt from Milton's condemnation for long. This is not surprising. Milton's vision of England was essentially republican, essentially hostile to ceremony, rank, inherited privilege, and royal dignity. Although at first Milton hid the fact from himself, there was no place for Charles and his Court within Milton's family of sturdy sons with their frugal habits and homespun clothes. Their father was in heaven, they needed none on earth.

It is typical of the ideological cast of Milton's mind that he not only insisted upon the death-penalty for Charles but furiously attacked those who shrank from this 'noble deed', as he called it. *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* was written during the King's trial. A king, it says, holds his authority from the people. They may freely withdraw it at any time even if he is not a tyrant. But if he is a tyrant, they should treat him as a common pest. These are the general principles. Turning to the case before him, Milton says that 'God's hand can be discerned in the fact that Charles has been defeated in battle, imprisoned, and brought to trial. It will clearly be against God's will, a sort of blasphemous pusillanimity, not to see the matter through. (This is directed against the Presbyterians.) For Milton, the fact that it is unprecedented for a Protestant State to cut off the head of its king counts in favour of doing it. The true ideologist always prefers creating a shining new precedent to being tied by stale old precedents.

This regicide pamphlet goes on to strike a rather different note. The realization of Milton's vision of a reformed society could not be left to the hazards of democratic procedures. For Milton, as for Robespierre later, the execution of his king was to

usher in, not a popular form of government, but a reign of virtue. True, Milton had justified the execution of the King in terms of the right of a free people to depose and destroy tyrants. But few Englishmen wanted to exercise such a right, even supposing they possessed it. Milton knew well enough that the great majority of his countrymen were aghast at the idea of executing the King. How did Milton reconcile this fact with his demand that the King be executed in the name of free Englishmen exercising their rights? Milton's solution is simple. It is the right of free men to execute a tyrant. But those Englishmen who are still loyal to the King are not free men.

This is not a hack apologist for Cromwell twisting words to make the best of a bad brief. Milton believed what he said. Royalists are moral slaves. They did not see the truth that he

saw. But the truth that he saw was plain and bright. There must be something corrupt in these men which blinds them to it. These people have yielded to the tyranny of custom without and appetite within. They are no longer free men. Already accepting the vicious rule of custom and appetite, it is no wonder that they also accept the vicious rule of a tyrant as well; for no ruler is so indulgent to licence as a tyrant. Free men, men ruled by virtue, cannot tolerate the vicious rule either of custom and appetite or of a tyrant-king. It is by the exercise of *their* rights that Charles is to be executed.

Cromwell's Protectorate most nearly realized Milton's dream of a reformed England. England had overthrown a 'dark array of long-received opinions, superstitions, obloquy, and fears'. Light had triumphed over darkness, virtue over licentiousness. The money-changers had been cast out of the temple. Cromwell is the embodiment of republican virtue, a man who had already conquered himself before he conquered the external enemy. Milton

vigorously supported Cromwell's refusal to permit rigged elections or 'unrestrained suffrage', as Milton calls it.

Not wisdom and authority, but turbulence and gluttony, would soon exalt the vilest miscreants from our taverns and our brothels, from our towns and villages, to the rank and dignity of senators.

Virtue must impose its discipline on sinful kings and sinful multitudes alike.

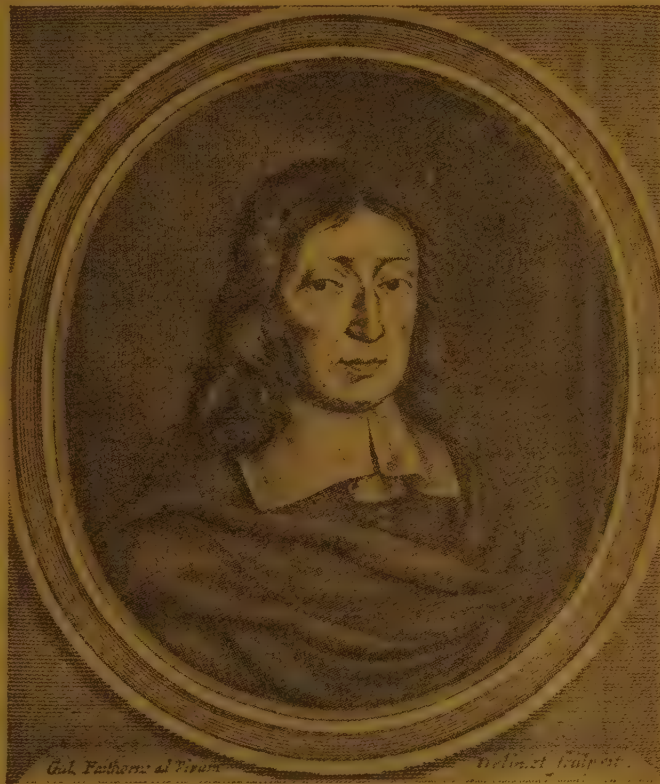
In March 1660, after General Monck's march on London, after the readmission of excluded members of parliament to the accompaniment of bonfires and bell-ringing, after a new parliament and a restored monarchy had become almost inevitable, Milton published *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. He called the almost universal desire for a restoration a 'strange, degenerate Contagion suddenly spread among us'.

To what a Precipice of Destruction this epidemic Madness would hurry us, through the general defection of a misguided and abused Multitude.

Milton's mind was inflexible. Free elections must be stopped, the reign of virtue reimposed. (In the following quotation, by 'liberty' Milton means austere discipline and by 'slavery' doing what one enjoys doing):

More just it is . . . that a less Number compel a greater to retain, which can be no wrong to them, their Liberty, than that a greater Number, for the pleasure of their baseness, compel a less most injuriously to be their fellow Slaves.

(continued on page 172)



John Milton in 1670, when he was sixty-two: an engraving by William Faithorne

NEWS DIARY

January 14-20

Wednesday, January 14

Mr. Mikoyan, Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, lunches in Wall Street with New York bankers

Cuban leaders react angrily to foreign criticism of recent trials and executions in the island

G. D. H. Cole, Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford until 1957, and author of many books on labour and economic affairs, dies at the age of sixty-nine

Thursday, January 15

M. Debré, new Prime Minister of France, outlines his government's policy to the National Assembly

Mr. Mikoyan visits United Nations headquarters in New York

Friday, January 16

Agreement is reached at Anglo-Egyptian financial talks in Cairo

The Government announces the names of more areas where help will be available to fight persistent unemployment

French National Assembly approves the new Government's programme

Saturday, January 17

Mr. Mikoyan and President Eisenhower have meeting at the White House

In Argentina police use tanks and tear gas to clear 5,000 strikers from a meat-packing plant

Sunday, January 18

In Cyprus new Eoka leaflets threaten to resume terrorism unless the British stop security action

Mr. Mintoff, leader of the Labour Party in Malta, calls for a general strike when Parliament approves Britain's interim arrangements for the island

Public transport services are stopped in Buenos Aires by strikes against the Argentine Government's austerity programme

Monday, January 19

President Eisenhower sends Congress his Budget proposals for the next financial year

Mr. Mikoyan, speaking in Washington, accuses U.S. Government of wanting to continue the Cold War

Tuesday, January 20

Parliament reassembles; Prime Minister says that Britain is consulting with her allies about the initiative that she might take to bring about Summit Talks

Duke of Edinburgh leaves in Comet IV airliner for second tour round the world

Argentine Government puts transport workers under military law



Severe weather continued all over Britain until last weekend, with snow, frost, and fog. In many places roads were blocked by deep drifts. In this photograph skiers, who had been stranded overnight in Glenshee, Scotland, are seen helping to free the snowplough which got through to them



Three objects in the exhibition of North Treasures opening at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, today: above, a gold spur (tenth century); below, a ring (twelfth century) in the form of a medieval woodpecker; and left, a tapestry (seventeenth century)



IN UNDER SNOW



A pleasant aspect of the wintry weather—skating on a frozen pond near Hitchin, Hertfordshire



A flock of sheep searching for grass on the frozen fells near Windermere, Westmorland. Many farms in the north of England were isolated for days by blizzards



The thaw that started last Saturday made it the worst day for sport for many years: this photograph, taken during the international rugby match between England and Wales at Cardiff, shows the muddy conditions under which the game was played. Wales won by five points to nil

Right: runners setting out on the seven-mile inter-county cross-country championships at Parliament Hill Fields, north London, last Saturday. The team title was won by Essex; the individual title by B. Heatley of Warwickshire



(continued from page 169)

In his early, jubilant phase Milton had envisaged his countrymen reforming themselves from within. Political reform was secondary, a matter of adapting their institutions to their new temper. Now, politics came first. Moral regeneration would follow later. His bitter disillusion with his countrymen was accompanied by a feverish optimism about the ease with which his authoritarian constitution could be introduced and about its reforming effect on sinful men. 'The way propounded', he writes, 'is plain, easy, and open before us'. If it is 'put speedily in execution', it will 'set all right'.

Like all political measures for actually implementing a spiritual vision, Milton's are depressing: a perpetual senate watched over by a standing army. This last shows that the

ideologist had not learnt from experience. Almost every other Englishman had learnt by now that the army must be subordinated to the civil government; but not Milton.

In Milton's time there were three views about the intelligibility of the Bible. Some said that the Bible had as many interpretations as it has readers and that the only way to choose between them was by the fiat of some authority. Others said that it was hard but not impossible to elicit the truth from the Bible by patient and critical inquiry. Still others said that the truths in the Bible were plain and bright. These three views—the sceptical, the modest, and the optimistic—widened into three views about moral understanding in general. The first view is that there are no moral truths and that moral principles are conventions which have to be laid down by some authority. This sceptical view supports the

sort of authoritarianism depicted in Hobbes's *Leviathan*. The second view, to which I subscribe, is that there are moral truths, but that they may be very difficult to discover; however, listening to people who disagree with you may help you to discover them. This view supports democratic argument and criticism. The third view is that moral truths are self-evident. This is Milton's view: 'The very essence of Truth is plainness and brightness'. It is this which entitles him to reject his opponents' views, not merely as falsehoods but as *glaring* falsehoods, and to regard his opponents as morally corrupt because they wilfully refuse to admit the plain truth, and cling to glaring falsehoods instead. And being morally corrupt they can only be reformed from without. Milton's ideological arrogance springs from an erroneous view of moral understanding.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

How Foreign Are You?

Sir,—In his talk published in THE LISTENER of January 15, Professor Max Gluckman says that the ideal of the brotherhood of man regardless of race or nation is upheld by many humanists, but that 'obviously they are inheritors of this tradition from universalistic faiths like Christianity'.

The teaching of Jesus was not particularly universalistic. ('I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel', Matt. xv, 24.) It would be more plausible to reverse Professor Gluckman's thesis, and to suggest that the Christian Church took over the ideal of world brotherhood from humanist philosophies like stoicism.

The stoics, as Canon Raven recently observed (THE LISTENER, September 5, 1957), were the first scientific humanists, and the great Roman stoics strongly maintained the ideal of human brotherhood. Lecky quotes many examples in his *History of European Morals* (Chapter II). Thus Cicero, in his treatise *On Duties*, wrote 'Men were born for the sake of men, that each should assist the others'. 'To reduce man to the duties of his own city, and to disengage him from duties to the members of other cities, is to break the universal society of the human race'. In the treatise *On Laws* he upheld the humanist doctrine that the altruistic impulses are the basis of morals. 'Nature has inclined us to love men, and this is the foundation of the law'. Among the later stoics, Lucan expatiated with fervour upon the time when 'the human race will cast aside its weapons, and all nations will learn to love' (*Pharsalia*, vi). Seneca wrote: 'We are members of one great body. Nature has made us relatives. . . . She planted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for a social life' (*Epistles*, xcv). 'As an Antonine', said Marcus Aurelius, 'my country is Rome; as a man, it is the world' (*Meditations*, vi, 44).

It is widely believed that the ideals of love and human brotherhood were introduced into the world by Christianity. But this belief is mistaken.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

MARGARET KNIGHT

'Three Sisters'

Sir,—Your drama critic's comments in THE LISTENER of January 15 on the recent production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters* by the B.B.C. in the 'World Theatre' series show once again that Chekhov's plays can be experienced and interpreted on more than one level.

Clearly, we cannot be absolutely sure as to what Chekhov intended when he wrote these plays, but I think we should try to appraise them in the full context of his life and work. In his younger days Chekhov certainly wrote one-act burlesques, such as *The Bear* and *The Proposal*, which he openly regarded as of no artistic value, as mere pot-boilers. This, incidentally, did not prevent them from being very successful on the stage. In his mature years, however, he was bent on creating 'a new kind of theatre'. In it, he set out to 'depict real life, as it is lived by ordinary people'. To quote his own words:

A play should be written in which people arrive, have dinner, talk about the weather, and play cards. Life must be exactly as it is and people as they are, not on stilts. Let everything on the stage be just as complicated, and at the same time just as simple, as it is in life.

Of this particular play, he wrote to the actress Komissarjevskaya in his characteristic self-depreciatory manner:

The play turned out to be dreary, long and awkward: I say awkward because it has for instance four heroines and a spirit more gloomy than gloom itself, as the saying goes.

His instructions to the actors performing it were limited to the advice of acting the officers' parts as 'simple, charming and good-natured people, without any theatrico-military erectness of carriage, raising of shoulders, bluntness and so on'.

This is admittedly not much to go on, but there is nothing in Chekhov's correspondence to indicate that he intended to expose his characters to condemnation and ridicule. On the one hand, as often happens with creative artists, these characters in the process of writing may have acquired a life of their own and developed into something different from what he

conceived them to be in the beginning. On the other hand, being a most human man, he viewed the human condition with sympathy and compassion. The *Three Sisters*, on a deeper and broader level, could be regarded as a portrayal of the universal human predicament: it shows that unless you are exceptionally gifted, or fortunate, or ruthless, perhaps even all these things at the same time, and unless you take your decisions exactly at the right moment, 'life' or 'circumstances' are apt to take charge, and you find yourself doing a job you do not really like, marrying someone whom you soon discover to be incompatible, and cherishing a wish or a dream which is not likely to be fulfilled in your lifetime. Surely, such 'ordinary lives' are far more common than your critic seems to think? Chekhov knew that 'full' lives were achieved by comparatively few, and that it required courage and humility to live an ordinary, incomplete kind of life. He showed that the three sisters had this courage and humility, and, far from being out of sympathy with them, he admired, pitied, and respected them.

I believe, too, that if this play is acted as Chekhov wanted it to be acted, the audiences become aware of its deeper meaning and its universal application. How otherwise can one explain the profoundly moving effect its performance had on the audiences at the Sadler's Wells Theatre last May? This, and not the facile 'exposure' or 'ineffectual', 'neurotic' characters, presumably common in Russia at the turn of the century, explains the frequent revivals of Chekhov's plays in this country during the last twenty to thirty years?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ELISAVETA FEN

Television and the Individual

Sir,—I was interested to read the announcement that Mr. Joseph Trenaman has been appointed to a new research fellowship in television at Leeds University, endowed by Granada Television, for during the past autumn I have been tutor to an unusually intelligent adult-education group of professional people discussing

the problem of low cultural standards in mass entertainment, which we took to be the outcome of interaction between audience and entertainers. We hoped to do a pilot survey on the reactions of individuals to television programmes.

In *The Times* for January 10, Mr. Trenaman is reported as saying that he is 'less concerned with the immediate effects of television than with the whole sum: the total effect on the individual'. That was the principal interest of my discussion group. After preliminary exploration of the problems, we spent three evenings in drafting a questionnaire, which we ended by rejecting because some members convinced the rest of us of the impossibility of isolating the effects on an individual's values of any given type of programme. For there are so many variables apart from television programmes which may affect his values, that it would be difficult for anyone interviewed lacking the intellectual equipment of a Proust to analyse out the effect on himself of the programmes in question, let alone express it. And it would take a clever psychiatrist many interviews to do the job for him—if indeed it can be done at all.

The same difficulty applies only in a lesser degree to the undertaking of establishing the effects of television on 'tastes, behaviour, habits, methods and thinking', which Sir Gerald Barry states that his company desire to investigate. If our arguments are sound, how likely is it that anything will be established beyond the crude and limited findings of research already published on the impact of television in this country and the United States? Cannot the results of any such inquiry be guaranteed in advance to be inconclusive?—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 14 WINIFRED M. WHITELEY

The Philosophy of Samuel Alexander

Sir,—May I point out that, in her interesting appreciation of the philosophy of Samuel Alexander (*THE LISTENER*, January 8), Miss D. Emmet errs in suggesting that the term 'emergent' was coined by Lloyd Morgan? The expression was first used to denote an unpredictable property of a new synthesis by G. H. Lewes in his *Problems of Life and Mind* (second series, 1875); cf. J. S. Mill's discussion of heteropathic laws in his *System of Logic*, 3:6:2.

Yours, etc.,

Woodford Green T. A. BURKILL

Jehovah's Witnesses

Sir,—Professor Antony Flew, criticizing your critic Mr. K. W. Gransden (*THE LISTENER*, January 8), says of Jehovah's Witnesses: 'In one enormously important respect many might consider that the doctrine of this group is as superior to as it is different from that of traditional Christianity'.

He refers to the doctrine of Hell Fire and Eternal Punishment. But this doctrine (or partly) died out of traditional Christianity a long time ago. Even the Roman Catholics hardly held it, for their belief in Purgatory and prayers for the dead made eternal Hell unlikely except for the very few—those who had emphatically *chosen* Hell. As regards Protestant Christianity, Jacob Boehme wrote in *Signatura Rerum*:

What is evil to one thing, that is good to another. Hell is evil to the angels, for they are not created thereunto: but it is good to the hellish creatures: So also heaven is evil to the hellish creatures, for it is their poison and death.

Then, much later, Swedenborg, who finally influenced all Protestantism, but who does not seem to have known Boehme's works, wrote in *Heaven and Hell*:

No punishment is from the Lord but from Evil itself; because Evil is so joined with its own punishment that they cannot be separated . . . an evil spirit casts himself into hell of his own accord . . . when, therefore, a spirit of his own accord, or from his own freedom, directs his course to hell, and enters it, he is received at first in a friendly manner, so that he believes that he has come among friends; but this only continues for a few hours, during which he is explored as to astuteness and ability . . . After infestations they afflict him with cruel punishments, until he is reduced to a state of slavery.

In my recent poem-sequence, *The Ride from Hell*, published last year by Rupert Hart-Davis, I tried in symbolic verse to make all this imaginatively clear. Heaven and Hell are so much a matter of *choice*, and if Hell continues into the next life for any long period of time (imagining time as in this life) it is surely because the damned person has chosen that state. When it becomes intolerable he either sinks lower, becoming as spiritually unfeeling as a lower animal, or else he makes some sort of higher choice, so that he gradually rises, finally entering into a state of light and spiritual happiness.

That today, in varying degrees, is the belief of most of the clergy of all Christian churches; but Jehovah's Witnesses alienate many of their possible sympathizers by denouncing all the clergy as blind leaders of the blind.

Yours, etc.,

St. Albans

HERBERT PALMER

Britain's Defence Problems

Sir,—Consideration of Mr. Leonard Beaton's talk on Britain's defence problems (*THE LISTENER*, January 15) suggests three questions which need answers.

(1) Can we any longer regard the nuclear bomb as the ultimate sanction on which we can fall back when all else fails? (2) Is it conceivable that we, as a Christian country, should ever initiate, or be a party to initiating, an all-out nuclear war? (3) If we did so, would that mean, for us, mass suicide?

If the answer to (3) is Yes, and to (2) No, then the answer to (1) is No also. It then follows that we possess the bomb, and all the necessary apparatus to deliver it, not in order to use it, but in order that we shall never have to use it. It has been well said that if the bomb is ever used it will have failed in its primary purpose. That purpose is to ensure, by the threat of retaliation, that no nation ever dares to use it.

Unfortunately, the better it fulfils this purpose, the better screen it provides under cover of which comparatively minor aggressions with more conventional weapons can be carried out. Hungary is a standing example of this.

Our defence needs do not therefore end with the bomb. We need also the means to prevent such minor aggressions. It is obvious that we have failed to provide ourselves with these means. It is not beyond the powers and resources of the Western world to remedy this deficiency, if the nations concerned will show the necessary will to co-operate and to make the necessary sacrifices.

Yours, etc.,

Farnham

A. H. NORMAN

What Is Hard about Chess?

Sir,—Mr. Gerald Abrahams's statement that Capablanca never in his life got into time trouble (*THE LISTENER*, January 8) is not quite accurate. Upon further reflexion he would doubtlessly answer 'What never?' with 'Well, hardly ever'.

Capablanca lost on time to Ryumine and Alekhine in the Moscow 1935 and Avro 1938 tournaments respectively.

Yours, etc.,

London, E.6

H. WOOLVERTON

Collecting Military Medals

Sir,—In the informative talk by Mr. David Spink (printed in *THE LISTENER* of January 15) on 'Collecting Military Medals', the official engraving of British war medals with particulars of the recipient—name, rank, and unit—is rightly stressed as being the medals' 'unique character' and something of 'intense human interest'.

There was, however, a regrettable break with this tradition in the issue of war medals and stars for the 1939-45 war, none of which was so engraved. On the other hand, modern times are spared some of the long delays in the issue of war medals that occurred in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

For instance, a case that was recently brought to light was the naval General Medal for the famed action of the Glorious First of June. It was awarded forty years later to some members of the 25th Foot who served in the ships as sharpshooters. Other instances were the Peninsula medal which did not materialize till thirty years after the war, and that for Wolseley's Canadian Red River Expedition of 1870, which was issued twenty-nine years later.

Survivors of a campaign naturally tend to thin out in a generation or so, and such procrastination must have deprived many of what was their due.

Yours, etc.,

Kingston-upon-Thames

A. J. SMITH

Eye Disorders and the Artist

Sir,—In *THE LISTENER* of January 1, Mr. Francis Duke, of Virginia, expresses a wish to read the essay by Jules Romains on '*La vision extra-rétinienne*'. A translation into English, which I made for *Le Monde Nouveau*, was published in Paris in the mid-twenties. For reference, it would be found under the author's other name, Louis Farigoule (*docteur*).

Yours, etc.,

Poole

G. H. REDDICK

Recent books on sociology, philosophy and psychology include: *Dialectical Materialism: a Historical and Systematic Survey of Philosophy in the Soviet Union*, by Gustav A. Wetter, translated from the German by Peter Heath (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 52s. 6d.); *A History of Philosophy: Vol. 4 Descartes to Leibniz*, by Frederick Coplestone, S.J. (Burns Oates, 30s.); *A Modern Introduction to Moral Philosophy*, by Alan Montefiore (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 14s.); *Jung and the Problem of Evil*, by H. L. Philp (Rockliff, 30s.); *Plato: an Introduction*, by Paul Friedländer (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 35s.); *Teaching: a Psychological Analysis*, by C. M. Fleming (Methuen, 28s.); *Psychiatry in the British Army in the Second World War*, by Robert H. Ahrenfeldt (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 35s.); *Yoga: Immortality and Freedom*, by Mircea Eliade translated from the French by Willard R. Trask (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 35s.); and *Living Zen*, by Robert Linssen, translated by D. Abrahams-Curiel (Allen and Unwin, 30s.).

My Dear Puss

By DONALD BOYD

THIS cat is a valued member of the household, and there are many things I should thank him for if I could; a walk at night, for one.

It was winter, and very dark. There was no moon, no star, and scarcely a shadow; and I was just as dark myself. I set off to post a letter in the box, which is about half a mile away, and I had got about a third of the way when I heard an appeal from the bottom of the hedge. I could see nothing, but I thought I recognized the voice, and stopped. Right enough, in a minute the cat was winding in and out of my legs, telling me, I thought, not to go too fast. We went slowly to the carpenter's shop at the top of the hill, where he stopped and protested; it was too far. I didn't want to leave him there; I wrapped him in the slack of my gaberdine and carried him to the cross-roads and back again to the workshop, where I put him down. So we walked home, croaking to each other. It seemed he wanted to remind me of two famous members of his race; Puss in Boots, who served his pretended Marquis of Carabas so well; and Dick Whittington's cat, who was equally confident and successful. The word failure was not in their vocabulary. Excuse me: to cats nothing is im-pussy-ble.

I was grateful to him.

Walking by Day

He has walked with us by day upon this road, but seldom so far. He comes part of the way and gives up, with protests, unwillingly. We can't make out whether he wants to go farther, but doesn't dare, or whether he thinks we shall be in danger if we go on to Gladys's shop. But that would sound like flattery; it couldn't be that. He's not often demonstrative, and like most cats he is not obvious, except at his own meal-times less ten minutes and when kippers are being cooked.

He is often invisible. He may be in the garden. He is delicate about flowers. The small cyclamen he never breaks. He may tread too heavily above the crocuses and squills. He sometimes tears at the bark of the ceanothus and olearias. If he chooses any newly turned ground to excrete, I know I have tilled it well. Any seed-bed has to be covered with wire-netting.

No, he is little help in the garden, but he watches the gardener's progress. In great heat he crawls under the rhubarb. In moderate heat he has been known to get under an untenanted cloche. When the new large frame arrived he got into that and went to sleep. He goes into the tunnel of the peas or the broad beans and becomes lost.

So do I, too, because I am wedding: it insulates me in a sort of mad rage; my nose to the ground, grunting. Suddenly the cat pushes his head at short range through the green-stuff,

like a ginger sunburst, and startles me. This feline trick of being there and not there must have been what prompted the invention of the Cheshire cat in Alice. At times he perches on one of the granite shafts in the old mowhay, as still as stone himself, and almost as shapeless. At first you may not even see him there, so invisible is his stillness. The stone has grown taller, that is all. I suppose he is surveying the brake of wild blackberries, stroil, and cocksfoot in which he hunts. Because it is outside the garden we don't feel so guilty.

When he is inside the house and sees birds taking bread and cheese and bacon and coconut, and flirting about the hedge, it annoys him. He natters at them through the glass, I believe it is the habit of flying which

annoys him; it is unfair to cats.

Being a cat is a sedentary occupation, relieved certainly by intense activities. Our cat is middle-aged, but still bounces. When he leaves or enters the house by the door he leaps over the threshold and the coconut mat with an air of goodwill to both in and out. He accepts human visitors with interest unless they are too many, or noisy, but not dog visitors. And here I see a touch of malice. A Scotch terrier visited the house once with its family. It was well-bred, but ill-mannered. The cat was put out for the benefit of the dog. It was broad daylight. A few minutes later the dog exploded again, and we saw that the cat was strolling past the window, carrying a large rat. The cat paid no attention to the dog. He went the length of the window, fourteen feet, disappeared for a moment round the corner, and patrolled across the view of another twelve feet of glass. When he came to the end he returned upon his route, entraining the dog with the other profile of cat catches rat. During the holidays a schoolboy stayed in the house, and the cat shared his bed. In the morning the boy found two rats under it. 'He brought one for me, too', he said, pleased with our joint hospitality.

Waiting on the Gate-post

Though he seldom goes out walking in company, he waits for the family on the gate-post, and delivers a sound of welcome and dances to the house; a square cat, going cater-cornered among the leeks. And the white rings on his tail describe undulating question-marks in the dusk. He explains something eagerly as he enters, but what it is I don't know. Fish, milk, fire, sleep perhaps. It is at night that he is most companionable. When the family is away I naturally talk to him more. He comes with me to the bathroom to clean my teeth.

I have known several cats who had an interest in bathrooms, and not only in dripping taps. I like to take a cold bath in the summer, and the cat attends as an observer, and though he is hungry, too, he never begins to yammer for his

breakfast until I am dressed. He also enjoys the spectacle of a hot bath. He is curious about it, and sometimes gets into it when the water has gurgled down the hole. He plays skittles in the bathroom with the string of the light switch.

But sleeping is his profession. The amount of sleep a cat can enjoy is unlimited. Even though he has had seven or eight hours' night-sleep, and cannot possibly be exhausted, he will dissolve from view after breakfast, to be found hours later as a breathing mound underneath the counterpane which he lifts by some trick to enter. If he has to sleep on a bright day in the sitting-room he sleeps with a paw over his eyes, much like my grandfather (who was also ginger). Or he might be praying in a non-conformist manner.

To Bed with the Family

Later he comes to bed with the family. When I am alone he is treated with rather more politeness than perhaps he deserves. Sometimes his grasping nature reminds me of the fable of the kind-hearted Arab who allowed his camel to put his nose into the tent in the cold night; and next night his head, and so on. I am too petulant to be a kind-hearted Arab. Nevertheless, the cat is persistent; he comes as close as he can. Several times, when I have taken the bloom off a hot-water-bottle, I have tried to fob him off with that, in a farther part of the bed, but he prefers the living man. While I read he cleans his claws, making a deal of noise as he tears at them. He washes in spots. He doesn't begin at the beginning, go on to the end, and then stop. I sympathize; I also find it difficult to do everything at once. When he has washed, he purrs. The noise can be so loud that it has deceived me into thinking that the immersion heater is out of order, and the water boiling.

On a fortunate night my eyes close of themselves, the book drops, I switch off the light, and sleep. But at times, omissions and commissions howl like the demon chorus in Gerontius, and I switch on the light and pick up the book again. The cat looks sly, through half-closed eyes, and yawns and I



apologize. This going to sleep and jarring awake again may happen several times and I grow more apologetic. In extreme sleeplessness there comes a moment when I declare that I must be hungry, and I calculate that five, six, or seven hours have passed since I ate. I go to the larder for cheese and biscuits. It was about two o'clock in the morning when I persuaded myself that I was in need of tea as well. So I brought myself a tray, and sat up in bed with my tea, my book, and my cat. When I had finished I explained

to him that I was sorry I had disturbed him, and that I was now feeling cosy, inside and out. He rolled over on his back with all four paws in the air to show off his chest and belly, gleaming as white as a cloud, and his ginger waist-belt. He bent his head up to gaze at me with full pupils, expressing his conviction that all worry was a hocus-pocus, and that our life was absurdly fine and comfortable. Snug was the word.

These eyes sometimes show a glint the colour of clear toffee or barley-sugar, but full-face the diaphragm is a greenish gold, with scarlet threads round the perimeter. At times the steady gaze from these eyes makes me wait for a word to come, too. The eyes are luminous. They question, and they desire to reply. If you live on good terms with a cat it is hardly possible to avoid the belief that he has personality and an individual intelligence. Only language is missing. When, at supper-time, he has eaten and is still hungry, his look says, 'But you have had three proper meals today, and tea, and an apple

and a pear'. But this is only knife-and-fork conversation and not what I mean. The cat's eyes address a reproach to the man; it is a reproach between equals, delivered by a captive, not a servant. Caractacus in Rome must have had that look. The animal does not complain, but he appears to be wondering how in the name of history he came to be in this situation. It is the feeling that the animal has a separate identity which gives his regard this quality and makes me think he is about to speak.

It is, of course, the life in the cat that speaks. Not long ago he irritated me when I was trying to make breakfast. He got under my feet repeatedly. At last I booted him—or slipped him—out of the way. In short I kicked him. He banged up against the wood-basket and fled into the garden, and I was struck by remorse. I cursed myself, and said to my son that I hoped the cat would return and forgive me. My son replied by quoting a phrase from Loren Eiseley's remarkable book called *The Immense Journey*.

The cat, he said, was in 'the eternal present of the animal world'. I was amused and diverted, though I am not sure whether Eiseley's present isn't longer than it sounds. At any rate, cats and horses and dogs do have some remembrance, and this cat did not return to the house until nightfall, when he had an uncommonly large supper, of course. So far as I can tell he has forgotten and forgiven.

What is his position? He is not just an agreeable fellow-member of a club. He is a member of the family, of course, but that does not define it. Unlike the human members of the family he accepts no responsibilities and will not give a message to the butcher, or sign for a parcel of plants. He needs no pocket money or new clothes. The obligations are on the humans; he contributes only his merit. His merit is that he is a model of grace and gaiety and repose. He is a pleasure and an example. Of all animals the cat is most civilized. He lives the good life, so far as his maker taught him so to do.

—Home Service

Inside Hungary: the Satellite's Return

(continued from page 157)

as we do. At the university I have said to the professors: 'We shall respect you if by your knowledge, humanity and attitude you support the workers' class and the peasants. We love and respect the arts. We applaud with delight if an artist produces something beautiful on the stage, but we want to cheer only what is really good and really artistic.'

In spite of the problems facing them, the leaders continue to show confidence; a confidence that rests primarily on the belief in the intellectual and economic superiority of the Communist system exemplified by the Soviet Union. Russians who have visited Hungary do not appear as convinced as the Hungarian authorities themselves of the country's progress towards communism. In November, the vice-rector of the University of Leningrad, Professor Tulpanov, spent two weeks in Hungary. On November 25 he told a Hungarian newspaper:

In the course of my talks with university and college teachers, I have been able to convince myself that even if the Marxist-Leninist teachings are not approved by everyone, their scientific importance is none the less recognized. . . . We have gained a good impression of Hungarian students. They listened to our lectures with interest and raised many interesting questions which showed that they were well prepared. We also visited comfortable students' hostels; but it surprised us to see that the rooms of the students, even those of girl students, were cleaned by charwomen. We found that there are more administrative workers in these hostels than in ours. And we met a girl student who indignantly demanded that a charwoman should carry a wardrobe into her room. In our country such conduct would have grave consequences. We attach great importance to the fact that students are taught to love work.

These are minor criticisms. The fact is that, two years after the uprising, the Government appears to be firmly in control. There is no evidence of organized resistance to Communist policy—not even from the churches. After the uprising, the Hungarian Bench of Bishops—the controlling authority of the Roman Catholic Church in Hungary—published a sixteen-point

declaration calling for greater freedom in dealings between Church and State. The régime refused to accept the declaration and, after negotiations lasting many months, reached a compromise with the bishops. The Government continues to pay an undiminished subsidy to the Roman Catholic Church, while the bishops have publicly announced their support for the Government's efforts to increase the well-being of the people. The bishops have condemned all activities directed against the State and the social order of the Hungarian People's Republic.

Two Kinds of Catholic Opinion

Not all Roman Catholics in Hungary appear to be content with this compromise. The Government's Director of Church Affairs, Mr. Horvath, noted this in an article which he contributed to *Katolikus Szó* on November 30:

There are two kinds of Catholic public opinion. One is represented by sober-minded Catholics: those who keep in touch with life and with people of different ideas. They have found means of peaceful coexistence with them. This is the broad Catholic public opinion.

There is also another Catholic opinion: the opinion of *déclassé* elements. They represent a small group of people but, I admit, they are fairly noisy. Their only political adviser is Western propaganda. They do not wish to comply with the most elementary demands of objectivity or to listen to and take into consideration the views of the opposing party. This noisy group often tries to win ecclesiastics to themselves and guide them in the wrong direction.

A fortnight before the elections on November 16, the Hungarian Bench of Bishops circulated a pastoral letter, which was read in all churches, setting out their position. This letter said:

We approve of and support all endeavours of the National Assembly and local councils aimed at easing the worries of men and improving the well-being of citizens.

We hope that the candidates of the People's Patriotic Front, for whom we shall cast our votes, will handle the affairs of the country with sober

objectivity, honesty, and consideration, and hope that we shall be able to co-operate successfully with them for the welfare of our country. Our poor country has undergone so many ordeals and sufferings. Let us all be one in the desire that God may allow us to live in a peaceful and quiet period so that our people should be able to develop physically, materially, and spiritually.

The Protestant Churches in Hungary are perhaps more outspoken on the need to co-operate with the country's rulers. Speaking at the end of October at his inauguration as Bishop of the Evangelical Church, Bishop Zoltan Kaldy said:

Members of the Church must obey their superiors irrespective of whether these superiors believe in God or not.

Their power comes from God and serves God's purpose. There is only one thing that the Church can demand from the State; the right to preach the Gospel and to administer the Sacraments. If a State interferes anywhere in the freedom of preaching the Gospel and orders what should or what should not be preached, then it is necessary 'to yield to God rather than men' in order to protect the freedom of the Church. In that case, however, the Church should not go over either into passive or active opposition, but only bear witness.

The leaders of the Jewish community in Hungary also favour co-operation with the régime. On November 1, the chief Rabbi published a message to the Jews in Hungary in the fortnightly periodical *Uj Elet*. They said:

There are only two alternatives: socialism, which means life; or fascism, which means death. Brothers, we must not forget to be grateful to the Soviet heroes who have saved the lives of the few Jews who survived. We must, furthermore, be grateful to our State for the agreement signed ten years ago, which adjusted relations between the State and our denomination. This agreement has not only been observed by both parties but also supplemented with financial support. Religious Jews, therefore, may support the objectives of the People's Democracy and socialism with a quiet conscience, gratitude, and optimism.

—Third Programme

Round the London Art Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

ADRIAN HEATH'S exhibition at the Hanover Gallery shows him to have moved, in the course of the last year or two, into the front rank of our younger painters. He is one of those rare non-figurative artists whose works leave one without any sense of insufficiency—and this without the least assistance from overtones or undertones alluding to romantic types of experience. The drama here is waged between purely formal elements—between a broad and robust general effect and an acute delicacy of tone; between the density and gravity of the forms and their movement in space; between this movement (which in the later works is often rapid and violent) and the serenity that controls it; between the sense of space and the affirmation that a painting is a complex of measurements of a plane surface; between a (newly acquired) richness and variety of texture and a subordination of such interest to the integrity of the surface; between (in certain pictures) vividness of colour and the sobriety of the total intention.

In spite of this use of pure colour in some of the recent pictures, the general tendency of the palette is towards the greyishness of English painting—so that, if the relationship of Heath's shapes and design to synthetic cubism reminds one of Poliakoff, the colour encourages a comparison with Nicholson. And it seems to me that Heath's painting, while yielding little to Nicholson's in subtlety of tone and design, has a generosity and virility which are wanting in Nicholson's—in other words, that it is free of that dependence upon a refined sensibility and an exquisite line which tends to make English painting, even of a high order, look polite and inhibited. What is especially attractive about Heath's work is that its forthrightness is still qualified by a certain sense of reserve.

Upstairs at the same gallery is a retrospective show of watercolours by Hans Reichel (1892-1958), agreeable and authentic works in the manner—or, rather, in several manners—of Klee.

Following his series of picturesque portraits of glamorous celebrities, Sutherland now gives us picturesque portrayals of two glamorous monuments—St. Mark's and the Salute in Venice. These, however, for all that their exhibition provides a pretext for showing a number of older and mostly familiar works by Sutherland at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery, are not, one gathers, to be regarded as new departures in his

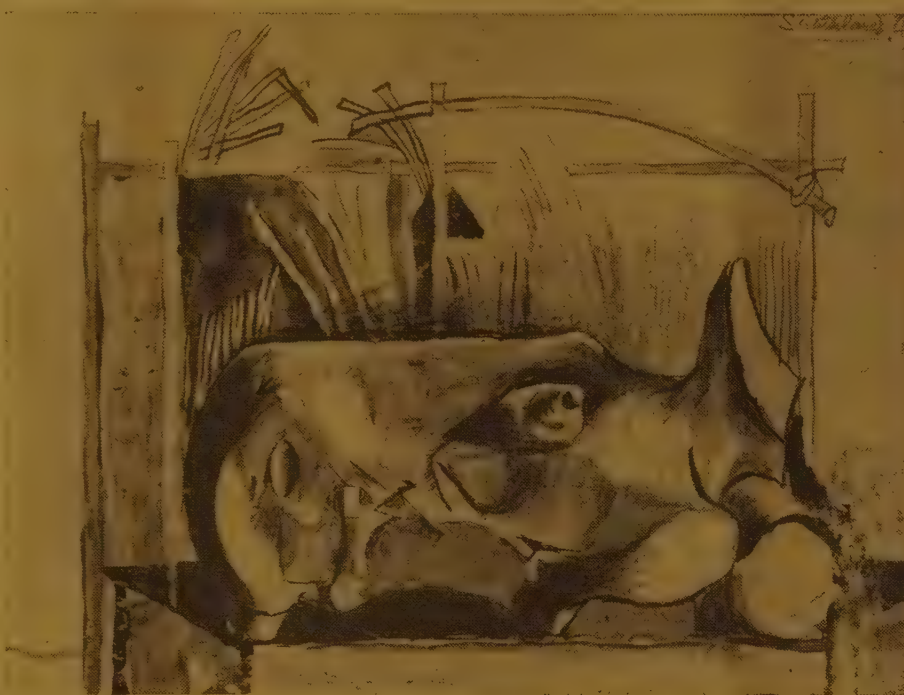
development, but as occasional and marginal works. They need not, therefore, give cause for depression as to Sutherland's future. On the contrary, they should perhaps be seen, failures though they are, as symptoms of one of his most admirable qualities, his readiness to make mistakes.

Sutherland has a tendency to bite off more

Theme' in this exhibition—paintings full of evidence of his difficulties when working in oil on a large scale, but containing passages which are intensely moving, intensely so because they are vehicles of the intense feeling that went into painting them. The terrific involvement in painting which has made Sutherland's progress so painful is also the immediate cause of our response to the work itself.

Hayter's new colour etchings, at the St. George's Gallery, somehow miraculously achieve the soft line and atmospheric colour which have been features of his more recent paintings. It has always tended to happen with Hayter's graphic work that the technical virtuosity has claimed our attention—and, one suspects, his—to the exclusion of everything else. Although these new works seem to surpass as a technical tour de force anything he has done before, they are at the same time much less smothered by technique than any of his previous graphic work.

An outstanding designer for the stage, Nicholas Georgiadis, is holding his first one-man exhibition of paintings, at the Redfern. These are abstract designs with strongly evocative overtones, usually suggesting



'Reclining Stone Form against an Enclosure', by Graham Sutherland: from the exhibition at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery

than he can chew which will always get him into trouble among those who feel that it is the business of artists to know their limitations and keep within them. But, of course, you can always get at an artist one way or the other: if you don't accuse him of not respecting his limitations, you can charge him with working too complacently within them. One of the troubles with art today is that there are too many artists who can be accused of the second and not enough who can be accused of the first. That Sutherland is among the few is a manifestation of the fact that he is one of those rare artists who resolutely decline to capitalize their talents. This refusal is all the more admirable because Sutherland has precisely the kind of talent which it is particularly tempting to capitalize—one that is very narrow and special, but within its limits both captivating and profound.

But the readiness to do so much more than what he can take in his stride is not only a cause for admiring him as a splendid and dedicated fellow. There is also the fact that, had he been content to stick to the scale and the medium which suit him best, that is, the small water-colour or gouache, we would have been denied paintings like the 'Variation on a

some aspect or other of urban landscape, and consist of uneven rows of little black vertical rectangles on grounds of more-or-less monochromatic colour delicately graded and cleverly textured. The effect is charming and picturesque, but excessively generalized.

The Leicester Galleries' winter miscellany includes an impressive group of Keith Vaughan's and four large compositions of nude dancing figures in landscapes by Anthony Fry. These are more expressionistic than Fry's earlier groups of dancers, and also more loosely painted. Some at least of the figures are modelled in a way that suggests the inspiration of Bonnard; the vaporous space recalls Turner. It is misleading, though, to mention possible influences in this way, because the most striking thing about these paintings is their originality. Because of this, and the resulting lack of a context in which to see them, I find it impossible to judge on short acquaintance how successful they are. One thing I am sure of is that they look about six times better when they are seen by daylight.

The two current exhibitions, of Lovis Corinth at the Tate Gallery and Evie Hone at 4 St. James's Square, described by Mr. Quentin Bell last week, were organized by the Arts Council.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Doctor with Two Aunts: a biography of Peter Pindar. By Tom Girtin.

Hutchinson. 21s.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT, *alias* Peter Pindar, was one of the more singular literary figures of the late eighteenth century. Born at Kingsbridge in Devon, educated in local schools, he was apprenticed to his apothecary uncle at Fowey. Then, driven by his aunts and his own ambition, he secured a medical degree at Aberdeen. He enjoyed the patronage of Sir William Trelawney and became his physician when he went to Jamaica as Governor. No sooner there, he careered back to England to take Holy Orders so that he might be preferred to a fat Jamaican benefice. The incumbent recovered, and Wolcot's brief excursion into the religious life came to an end when Trelawney died and he had to return to England. After that he practised medicine at Truro, quarrelled violently with its Member of Parliament, dabbled in painting, music and light verse, and patronized two fifteen-year-old boys, one of whom was John Opie, the painter.

At forty-three, he threw up his medical career and set off for London with Opie, on whose earnings he lived for the next twelve months. Opie married and deserted him. Wolcot was reduced to a garret. His light satirical verse, published under the pseudonym of Peter Pindar, caught on through his attacks on the Royal Academy and became famous when he pilloried George III. Until 1819 he lived on his pen, one of the most hated men in London. He drank hard, never married, and lost his reputation by disreputable intrigues with the government. To the end he retained an irrepressible spirit, an animal's fierce instinct to live. 'Give me back my youth', were his last words.

No one could call Pindar an attractive character but he is exceptionally interesting, and Mr. Girtin has written a lively and readable account of his life without, however, analysing his subject's character very closely. Pindar might so easily have achieved real greatness. His frustrations, passions, generosity and meanness could have fused to create a real work of art. His nature demanded expression through paint, through music, through words. He was untrammelled by social convention and seemingly willing to risk life and fortune in pursuit of his creative needs. His character was as rich and as complex as his experience. And yet he could produce nothing but satirical trivialities. True, they were brilliant trivialities, as courageous as they were daring, and some of his skits—particularly those on George III—are unforgettable.

'How, how? what, what?—what's that, what's that?' he cries

With rapid accent and with staring eyes.

'Look there, look there—what's got into my house?

A louse, God bless us! louse, louse, louse, louse, louse!'

But whenever he turned to serious poetry every word rang false and flat. What Wolcot lacked was integrity. An unbeliever, yet he could take Orders. A confirmed radical, he could nibble at the bait of a government pension. A homosexual, he sought solace with whores. He wanted money,

he wanted fame, he wanted to be a genius. For these he could sacrifice any principle. What he could not do was to look steadily into his own nature and write about what he saw. He would rather forget with brandy, which he could come by too easily by prostituting his gifts.

And just how considerable his gifts were can be seen from Mr. Girtin's book, for he quotes amply and admirably. In its short compass, this biography gives a clear straightforward account of Wolcot and at the same time makes one wish for a longer, more detailed and more analytic life. Perhaps the materials do not exist.

J. H. PLUMB

The Broken Compass. By Edward B. Partridge. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

This 'Study of the Major Comedies of Ben Jonson' (omitting, however, the *Humour* plays and *Bartholomew Fair*), pursued through a consideration of his metaphor as a form of imagery, opens most refreshingly. How splendid to read: 'Linguistic critics are sometimes like those torturers who, according to Ben Jonson, bring all wit to the rack. . . . Ambiguities have become the seven deadly virtues of many modern critics'.

The whole preface, based on the soundest common sense and a real feeling for the actualities of drama, is full of fun. But in his first two chapters Professor Partridge brings the common reader, for whom he professes great regard, into the torture chamber of Definitions, and the Functions of Metaphorical Language. All that he needed for the body of his work was to state that he proposed to use I. A. Richards's terms 'tenor' and 'vehicle' for the two parts of metaphor. We get nearer to Jonson in the next two chapters where his use of metaphor is discussed; but it is not until Chapter V, dealing with *Volpone*, that Jonson is enriched for us. This is done lavishly, beginning with a frank statement of the obvious, then bringing out the full terror of this 'comedy'. If anyone has ever doubted that this is a tremendous play, Professor Partridge will convince him of its greatness. In it the blasphemous brutality of the religion of gold is revealed, not only directly, but in all sorts of ways by ironic imputation. Even the Interlude dealing with the transmigration of the soul, played by Nano, Androgyn and Castrone, increases the horror 'by the way it has blurred the distinctions usually kept between man, beast, and god'. In the whole of this long chapter Professor Partridge never makes a false step. In dilating upon Jonson's superb use of language, metaphor and imagery, he drives home the hideous implications of the play, the devastating criticism of the human animal.

He is not so convincing when dealing with *The Alchemist*. He brings out all sorts of points one would normally miss, but surely he strains the theme when stressing the 'irony' of making Dol the Queen of Faery, just as in an earlier chapter, in some passing references to *The Winter's Tale* and other of Shakespeare's plays, he finds what is probably not there. The thesis-hunter overruns the tracks of his game. He says some excellent things; he makes one alert to Jonson's use of language, but there is

just a whiff of the torture-chamber in this chapter. In the one on *Epicoene* he broadens the title of the play to designate not only its eponymous hero, but nearly every character. Almost all are 'amphibious': the Collegiate Ladies and Mistress Otter are masculine, most of the males, including in the end Morose himself, are effeminate. Here Professor Partridge brings out the allusive nature of Jonson's language. Unless one is aware of this, he rightly remarks, one cannot entirely understand Dryden's comment that there is more art and acuteness of fancy in *Epicoene* than in any other of Ben Jonson's plays. In a further chapter we gain insight into *The Staple of News*, *The New Inn*, and *The Magnetick Lady*.

The value of the whole method is brought out in the final section of this work in praise of Jonson. Not that Professor Partridge withholds criticism, nor glosses over the unpleasant side of Jonson's character: he concludes that his 'unique vision of life is not a pretty one'. Thus the last chapter, 'The Broken Compass'—Jonson's own *impre*, a symbol of perverted values—is a justification of critical comedy. 'To dramatize the contradictions to the ideal inevitably involves distortion'; contrary to his own intention Jonson created not men, but monsters, and in so doing offered a special kind of experience, including that contemplative attitude 'with which we enjoy the work of art, [that] rescues even the ugly, the desolate, and the evil from the hideous consequences which attend them in what is called, not without irony, real life'. This valuable study gains by Professor Partridge insisting at the end on Ben Jonson's universality, that is, his applicability to the present day.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

Warsaw in Chains. By Stefan Korbonski. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

The English often have difficulty in recognizing pure evil in politics. Confronted with a man like Hitler, many English people, right up to 1939, behaved like cultivated travellers who had seen a ghost; they refused to believe it existed. That was twenty years ago. But even today, London theatre critics have been condemning a play about the Hungarian revolution on the ground that it was exaggerated, 'altogether too lurid'. When another book like *Warsaw in Chains* appears, such people will no doubt dismiss it too as propaganda.

But, in spite of its declamatory title, they are wrong. Not only is it better written than this kind of book generally is, without histrionics or propaganda, but the author reveals much more about his country than Communism. Although inevitably concerned with politics, it is also full of domestic and social detail. After reading it, one knows exactly what it must be like to live behind the Iron Curtain—to sunbathe at a watering-place on the Baltic, to celebrate New Year in a Warsaw night-club, to have a manicure in a Cracow beauty-parlour. These ordinary activities take on a heightened significance, due to the political tension, it is true; but they can also be enjoyed for themselves, as pieces of writing.

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COURT OF COMMON QUERY—1

by PODALIRIUS

COUNSEL FOR MR. ROE, A PHARMACEUTICAL MANUFACTURER, QUESTIONS MR. DOE, A MAN IN THE STREET.

Mr. Doe, will you tell us in what ways you think my client's activities are contrary to the public good?—The very high cost, and the increasing cost of the National Health Service are largely his fault.

What is the cost of the Service?—In 1957-58 the figure was nearly 700 million pounds.

And how much of that represents the cost of drugs at manufacturers' prices?—I am not absolutely sure.

Will you accept the figure of 45 millions? Are you surprised?—One can prove almost anything with figures.

Then will you prove that less than 7 per cent. of gross Health Service expenditure going to the pharmaceutical industry, means that it is responsible for the very high cost of the Service?—It's partly responsible.

You spoke of its being responsible for the increasing cost. Will you believe me that of the 52 million pounds increase in N.H.S. costs between 1956-57 and 1957-58 less than 6 millions went to the pharmaceutical service as a whole: that is, to retail and wholesale pharmacists, and to dispensing doctors, as well as to the manufacturers?—It is still an increase.

Did the prices of other items not increase?—Yes, but we're talking about the National Health Service. What about the fantastic profits made by Drug Manufacturers?

Roughly, what are those profits?—They don't tell you and me.

So the element of fantasy might be in your mind? Does this argument of yours apply to all manufacturers?—Of course. They're all the same.

Mr. Doe, basically what is it you object to about pharmaceutical firms?—The methods they use to get doctors to prescribe their drugs.

Are the methods immoral? Illegal?—Of course not; but it's fundamentally wrong, advertising drugs that may save people's lives.

But, if it is not to advertise to doctors, how can a firm that has spent a lot of money discovering a drug get it accepted before other firms come along with imitations?—That is no concern of mine. I just feel I'm right.

Mr. Doe, forgive me, but is not your whole attitude to this very specialised business largely a matter of feeling? I daresay it is.

And isn't the feeling a vague sense that it is wrong to make money out of people's misfortunes, the misfortunes of sick people?—I believe it is.

And doctors and nurses?—They're different.

If you did not make the distinction between business and the professions, then by your test the entire judiciary would stand condemned, would it not?

THE COURT ROSE

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Stefan Korbonski is one of the leaders of the Polish Peasant Party, which was in 1945 the largest and most popular party in the country. His theme is of how the small Polish Communist Party, using 'legal' methods to hoodwink the Western Allies (who were insisting on free elections), had by 1947 completely liquidated his party and forced him into exile. To understand these 'legal' methods in the 1947 Polish election, imagine the next General Election in our own country. Mr. Macmillan, having control of the police, simply bars the doors of the polling-booths in well-known Labour constituencies. Mr. Gaitskill is locked up all day in his flat, and the police afterwards apologize for their 'error in mistaking him for a spy'. Mr. Bevan suffers the same fate, on the ground that he requires 'police protection'. No Labour representatives are allowed to watch the count being taken. Those that insist are deprived of transport. There are dozens of incidents of this kind. Communists in these hands will admit all this (they have, to me personally). 'Such methods were unfortunate but necessary', they say, 'in order to establish socialism'. These communists are here perfectly sincere, one might almost say honest, with themselves. That is what makes it almost impossible for us to understand 'pure evil in politics'.

The author describes it all with a kind of soulful comic detail as if, after trying his best, he has given up and is now aware that he is writing about men on Mars. On another political level, his book is a serious criticism of Mikolajczyk, whom we thought of during the war as a great patriot, and whom many later admired as a kind of Polish Petkov or Maniu. Mr. Korbonski shows him allowing the Peasant Party, of which he was the leader, to rank lower than his personal interests, and escaping from the country in disreputable circumstances.

ANTHONY RHODES

The Early Sculpture of Ely Cathedral By George Zarnecki.

Sculpture at Chartres. By Peter Kidson.
Tiranti. 25s. each.

These two well-illustrated books are fairly specialized studies of early medieval sculpture or which, because they are both of high quality yet unlikely to command large sales, the publisher is to be specially commended and thanked. Dr. Zarnecki is one of those scholars who received a welcome in this country in the unhappy years of Europe's turmoil, and from whose presence among us we are now deriving continual benefits. No one since the war has done so much to enrich our knowledge and appreciation of English Romanesque sculpture. What is more, he writes about it with love as well as with learning: that is why his new book, on the early sculptures at Ely, is so enjoyable.

His principal concern is with the three doorways which, until its destruction at the time of the Reformation, led into the cloister at Ely. But he also discusses the little-known capitals in the south transept (which, dating from about 1090, are among the earliest architectural sculptures in the country), the delightful external corbel-heads, and the more familiar tombstone of a bishop in Tournai 'marble'. All these admirable works, except the tombstone, appear to have been the work of a single sculptor or his assistant. The misleadingly named Prior's Door-

way is 'the richest Romanesque doorway in England'.

In a chapter on 'style', fascinating parallels are worked out with Anglo-Saxon Winchester illumination, France, Italy, and the art of the Vikings, and Dr. Zarnecki stresses the fallacy of supposing that all Romanesque sculpture was religious, particularly up to about 1140. Certainly some of the most rewarding experiences are to be sought among the humorous subjects, fantasies, and purely decorative motifs.

Mr. Kidson, also of the Courtauld Institute, has written on a much more familiar theme, the sculptures of the three great porches at Chartres, to which he adds the seldom discussed capitals on the ground storeys of the two west towers. His essay, he says, 'is aimed somewhere between the experts who conduct their exchanges in learned periodicals . . . and the casual tourist who wants nothing more than a few scraps of information or a stimulant to his emotions'. In fact it consists partly of stylistic analysis and partly of a decidedly learned exposition of the theological significance of these sculptures, not always very easy to read, but worth the effort. Under Mr. Kidson's guidance, much that was iconographically puzzling falls into place, particularly as regards the porches of the west front, which for him, as for myself, are the best of all. The sculptures of this Portail Royal were not, of course, the work of a single sculptor. It is the man who carved the figures on the splay of the central doorway who was 'one of the really great artists of the Middle Ages'. The claim is in no way excessive. The photographs are by Ursula Pariser.

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

A New England Girlhood. By Nancy Hale. The Diary of 'Helena Morley'. Translated from the Portuguese by Elizabeth Bishop. Gollancz. 16s. each.

Nostalgia is selective, but the impulse and pattern of childhood recollections are so common that we readily recognize the universal. Nancy Hale, grand-daughter of the Edward Everett Hale who wrote *A New England Boyhood*, has the skill to intrigue the reader with both the familiar and the unfamiliar in her account of growing up in Boston towards the now magical 'twenties (there were tea-dances at the Copley Plaza, and 'in those days we travelled by train'). Hers was a safe world, or seemed so, even if her schooling set up resentments, and the charm of her memories is achieved partly because they are memories and are so treated—written from across the gulf for *The New Yorker*, with recollections suddenly sharp and then fading again as the focus is sought from today, with another generation to cause anxiety ('I worry about what they do in those cars out there in the dark').

The childhood of Senhora Brant of Rio de Janeiro, on the other hand, is not recollected but preserved. The diary of 'Helena Morley' (two names from her English father's family) is that rare thing, a genuinely juvenile document which is neither precocious nor quaint. The setting is a mountain mining-town of Brazil called Diamantina (once visited by Sir Richard Burton)—big houses, dark family servants, slender means, a life happy in its simple eventfulness, shaped by the Catholic tradition but penetrated by minor rebellions and superstitions, and observed in its detail with the candour of an intelligent

and warm-hearted girl. The American translation runs nicely, with just the right information in the introduction, and the whole effect is irresistible. The period is 1893-5 and the authoress is now seventy-six. Her diary, which reached print through the eager intervention of Georges Bernanos, has become a Brazilian classic.

FRANCIS WATSON

The British Communist Party: a Historical Profile. By Henry Pelling. Black. 18s.

This is a competent and useful book which very much needed to be written. For, as the bibliography, or rather, lack of bibliography, makes plain there is no existing history of the Communist Party of Great Britain which the student can consult, nothing which is not violently and hopelessly partisan on one side or the other, or 'revelations' drawn from emotional memoirs. If Mr. Pelling had done nothing else, his lucid setting-out, from unimpeachable sources, of the records of membership, organization, and policy over nearly thirty years, would earn our gratitude.

He has, however, done more; he has made his facts tell a clear connected story, from the first coming-together in 1920-21 of loose bits of revolutionary-idealist organizations like the British Socialist Party, the Socialist Labour Party, and a number of intellectuals and I.L.P.-ers into a rather chaotic alliance which was soon disciplined, by means of the Twenty-One Points of the Comintern, into a 'Bolshevized' (i.e., Leninist) body, through the ups and downs of the 'twenties, the heady days of the Spanish War, the Left Book Club and the early works of Auden, Spender and their kin, the public squirming of the leaders over the outbreak of war, and the great peak of membership which followed the Russian invasion of Germany—to the loss of confidence after the repudiation of the Marshall Plan and the revelations of the Twentieth Congress, and finally the resignations over Hungary. All is well set out, and scarcely anything of importance omitted; the only criticism which might be made is that Mr. Pelling perhaps gives slightly disproportionate space to communism among the intellectuals as compared with communism among the factory workers.

The story of the intellectuals and the Communist Party is certainly interesting, if rather wryly interesting, as showing what persons who have undergone an education supposedly designed to train the critical faculties are capable of swallowing, particularly during the 'thirties—though I think Mr. Pelling a little under-values the appeal of a country which in the black years of world depression seemed to have banished unemployment; but what the communist intellectuals thought or did not think really made singularly little difference to the course of British history. It was different, no doubt, in the United States; but no British Communist pushed, for example, Ernest Bevin further into the arms of the Russians than he wished to go, nor did the exploits of Nunn May or Burgess/Maclean produce any serious growth of McCarthyism. Communism in the factories, and to some extent in the unions, had, however, considerably more effect; and though Mr. Pelling has given some space to discussion of the position in some of the unions, I could have wished for a closer analysis of how this

came about—it was not simply a matter of 'apathy' or rigging of votes, as Goldstein's study of the Transport Workers' Union or recent happenings in the E.T.U. might suggest—and of its results. It is, for example, common knowledge that production in the war factories leaped up, as did Party membership, during the months which followed June 22, 1941; and a rather fuller study of what the British engineer or his shop steward—not the General Council of the T.U.C.—felt about Communists in his

own trade might have been illuminating. Some study of the Tenants' agitations, which Mr. Pelling seems to have missed, would also be valuable.

To say this, however, is to do no more than ask for a further expansion of an excellent study, and one, moreover, which while chronicling faithfully the quibbles and reversals of policy, the slavish obedience to outside dictation and the stifling of intra-party discussion which have been so constant and so discouraging, does

not describe them without sympathy for the fundamentally unhappy situation of 'a revolutionary party in a non-revolutionary situation'. One dig the author does allow himself; speaking of the ages of the present Politburo, he remarks: 'There seems to be no better guarantee of political longevity than early prominence in a revolutionary organization—provided, of course, that there is no chance of effecting revolution'.

MARGARET COLE

New Novels

Women and Thomas Harrow. By John P. Marquand. Collins. 16s.

Rape of the Fair Country. By Alexander Cordell. Gollancz. 16s.

My Caravaggio Style. By Doris Langley-Moore. Cassell. 15s.

'VICTOR HUGO, hélas!' said Gide, when asked who was the greatest French poet; and there are those who, in somewhat the same spirit, have claimed Mr. Marquand as the best of living American novelists. The claim is not wholly unjustified; *H. M. Pulham Esq.* and *The Late George Apley* were not only immensely readable, and after a lapse of years still remain so, but they had an underlying seriousness, and a firm grasp of the relation between the individual and society, which make them admirable pictures of American life as seen from Mr. Marquand's own point of view, which is conservative to the point of idiosyncrasy. Mr. Marquand expressed this point of view with a wealth of talents which many novelists might envy, but most of all with a consistency which gives these novels, I think, a permanent value. One felt that within Mr. Marquand's terms of reference the values, as Henry James might say, were right, and any novel which gives one this feeling has a claim to be considered as a work of art and not as mere fiction.

In Mr. Marquand's new novel, his talents are still at work and he is as readable as ever. He has two particular gifts which never fail him; first of all a wonderful ear for conversation, and secondly an acute sense of the passage of time and the changes it brings as it passes, so that his characters not only always speak as if they were themselves and nobody else, but as if they were themselves at a particular time and place and will never be quite the same again. If one adds to these gifts a sharp eye for the shifts and changes of social habits and social fashions, for the effects of change within a society, it is not surprising that in this as in his earlier books Mr. Marquand never fails to hold our interest; if he had not been a novelist, he would have made an admirable social historian. Yet in spite of all this *Women and Thomas Harrow* leaves us dissatisfied; just as in *The Late George Apley* one felt that the values were right, so here one feels equally certain that they are wrong. Just as there they were clear, consistent, logical, so that the book composed a picture which had its own coherent structure, so here they are blurred and confused and the picture falls to pieces.

Mr. Marquand's hero, Thomas Harrow, is a playwright, with a long list of successes on the New York stage to his credit, and considerable literary prestige. Now in his fifties, he is suddenly struck with depression, doubts the value of his work, his capacity to repeat his former

success, and most of all feels bitterly the contrast between his present doubt and disillusion and the almost manic self-confidence of his youth. What are the causes of his depression? He has almost too many, for he has lost his first wife, his only true love, because despite his success he has never been able to give her the very high standard of material security she requires; and now, after a second marriage to a hard-bitten actress, he finds himself saddled with a third wife who is a bore whom he does not love. Moreover he has lost the fruits of his success (a matter of several hundred thousand dollars) in backing his own production of his own musical comedy (costume) which has been a flop, and the rich and artificial life which he has created for himself is about to collapse. What went wrong? is the question he tries to answer as he sits in his study drinking whisky and reviews fifty years of his own life and of American social history. The answer he receives is both dusty and obscure and he leaves us at the end as muddle-headed and confused as he is himself. One can only hope that Mr. Marquand will soon recover his sureness of touch, as his talent is an outstanding one.

If Mr. Marquand disappoints, it is because he once so entertained and edified us; *Rape of the Fair Country* disappoints only because we feel cheated by its preliminary fanfare of publicity and Mr. Aneurin Bevan's solemn assurance that this is 'a tremendous book'. To this Mr. Jack Jones, Mr. Gwyn Thomas, and Mr. Emlyn Williams add their chorus of praise: 'an incredibly good novel'; 'it's a real shaker, a most remarkable bit of compassionate evocation'; 'an exciting find'. Perhaps one should not really be surprised to discover, after all this, that *Rape of the Fair Country* is simply a historical novel of the straightforward, best-selling variety, full of tempestuous passions, lusty adventurers, beautiful and promiscuous ladies, and the naked opposition of virtue and vice; the only difference is that the glamour and kitsch which are usually devoted to the service of wealth are here lavished upon the poor. It is as if the Deep South of *Gone with the Wind* had undergone a transformation scene, as on a pantomime stage, and reappeared in the South Wales valleys.

The pity of it is that Mr. Cordell's story has a genuine interest because of its description of a way of life which has now disappeared but still lives in the minds and memories of the descendants of the men and women who lived

it. The scene is the eastern valleys of South Wales, which gave birth to the Welsh iron and steel industry; the time is the eighteen-thirties when Crawshay Bailey, of engine fame, ruled Cyfarthfa with a savagery and predatoriness that any feudal baron or southern landowner might envy, while the ironworkers attempted to organize their first unions and to fight for the Charter. The scene, the time, the struggle, with England on the verge of revolution, are intensely dramatic, and the historical background of Mr. Cordell's novel is, for all its violence, excellent; what a pity it is then that he should have chosen to embellish it with boyish, long-legged, narrow-hipped women with false poetry and a kind of proletarian glamour which is no less offensive than the more glossy kind. And what can one say of a writer who, in cold or in hot blood, can perpetrate such sentences as: 'Beautiful as the woman a man is to mate with, in moonlight'? One wonders what the precise force of 'in moonlight' is in that sentence.

It is a relief to turn to *My Caravaggio Style*, a jeu d'esprit which combines the suspense of a thriller with the pleasure of literary research. A bookseller's assistant, who is writing a biography of Byron, suddenly conceives the idea of forging a copy of the famous Memoirs, which were burned by Byron's literary executors. His primary motive is to make enough money to marry his charming fiancée, a model who for all her sweetness of character is a devotee of conspicuous waste; a secondary motive is to vindicate Byron for ever from the charges brought against him by his detractors. But while the forger toils at his work, his fiancée also falls under Byron's spell. Across the years, despite sin and scandal and guilt, 'mad, bad, and dangerous to know', Byron claims yet another victim and is still able to inspire love and jealousy; when the forged memoirs are completed they are no longer a vindication of Byron but make him out worse than even his wife ever thought him. It would not be fair to reveal the conclusion of Mrs. Moore's ingenious story; but over and above the ingenuity and amusement of the plot, *My Caravaggio Style*, which is written with a real sense of scholarship, successfully catches something of the charm of Byron himself. Across this modern story of crime and comedy falls the shadow of the destiny which once held Europe in suspense.

GORONWY REES

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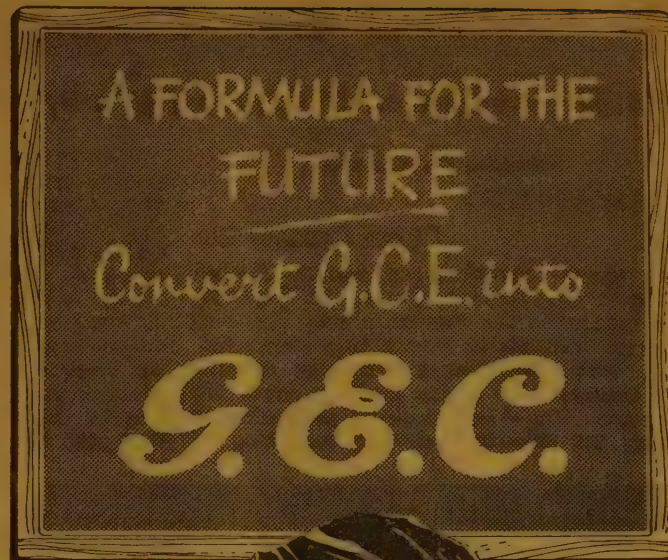
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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

China Catches Up

'PANORAMA' LAST WEEK commendably devoted its entire programme to China. Mr. Dimbleby was revealed in the distance, poring, like some modern Tamburlaine, over a large-scale relief-map, with gongs beating and huge portraits of Chairman Mao gazing benignly down. We then saw a film—'smuggled out', as these things always are nowadays—showing something of



Young Chinese children in a crèche: a scene from a film report on Communist China in 'Panorama' on January 12

the transformation this huge country has undergone in the last ten years. Two journalists were in the studio to provide comments.

'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay', wrote Tennyson. But not any more: the centuries of stagnation are being swept away by an immense programme of industrialization, inspired by the slogan 'Overtake Britain'. As China has unlimited supplies of cheap and willing labour, this should be possible. We saw, for instance, a dam being built by men and women using their bare hands. Coal and steel take priority; but China is also competing with Japan for the markets of south-east Asia in the manufacture of cheap consumer goods. Ten years ago China could not produce an aspirin; now she makes penicillin, and the goal seems to be a home-made blast-furnace in every back garden.

All done by indoctrination? Those huge benevolent poster-portraits of Comrade Mao, and the equally malevolent ones of President Eisenhower, produced the inevitable comparison with 1984. But in Orwell's book people were worse off materially than their grandparents had been. In China, to judge from what we saw and heard, people are better off under the communes than they were under the emperors. The Marxist ideal of common ownership, devised for a bourgeois Europe, seems sensible and realistic in a backward land where most people have never owned anything in their lives.

Even in three-quarters of an hour, this programme could do no more than give a general idea of the kind of thing that is going on in this vast country. One's impression was largely, and inevitably, of toiling masses on construction-sites, drilling masses on parade-grounds, smiling masses in Parks of Rest and Culture. At times, too, particularly when the transatlantic commentator was speaking, I was reminded of the ruthless simplifications of the old *March of Time* documentaries. Statistics and opinions may be disputed; but on the evidence of our own eyes China is catching up determinedly with the twentieth century.

The film on China concentrated on modern technical advances; the film on Kathmandu, in the 'Travellers' Tales' series, concentrated on ancient customs and ceremonies: pot-smashings, carnivals, gods carried under twirling umbrellas or under sixty-foot towers of saplings through crowded streets, and a wedding in which the strangest ritual objects of all were a couple of incongruous-looking motor-cars. The Newars who inhabit this remote Himalayan city are mainly self-supporting—they live principally on rice—and appear, from Colin Rosser's account, to lead an idyllic existence. This was a remarkable film, despite the fact that it is not easy, even for a professional photographer, to get such crowded and elaborate scenes on to the small and colourless screen. Though less picturesque, the scenes of ordinary workaday life—pottery and wood-carving—were just as interesting as the festivals.

In 'Lifeline' (January 15) a Christian Scientist described how, as a young man, he had been cured of chronic ill-health by a Christian Science practitioner, who dealt not with his body but his mind, so that he 'lost the sense of imperfection'. Such cures are well authenticated, and the consultant psychiatrist found nothing unreasonable in the



The final surrender of the German forces at Lüneburg Heath in May 1945: a film of this historic event was shown by Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery in 'Command in Battle' on January 16

Imperial War Museum



A masked devil dancer seen in the film 'A Year in Kathmandu' in 'Travellers' Tales' on January 15

case. As for the theory behind such treatments, one was not perhaps much enlightened by a Christian Science practitioner who spoke next. Denying the objective reality of matter—including the slide containing streptococcus culture which the doctor proffered—he relied heavily on phrases like 'challenging the illness' and 'establishing the truth of being', and though patently sincere did not make a very decisive showing against the doctor's scrupulously fair and serious cross-examination. Both men agreed on the importance of mental states: but they were separated—if you like—by that little glass slide crawling with visible and malignant life.

Cold-war politics dominated the end of the week. In 'Small World' we had the usual inconclusive catch-phrases about Nato, shouted even louder than usual, as the contestants were in different continents. 'These are not military questions but political ones', said Mr. Bevan, trying in vain to interest Herr Strauss and General Gruenther in the idea of a *détente*.

Field-Marshal Montgomery would say 'I told you so'. The spectre of Soviet Russia has certainly haunted his last two programmes, and even—one felt—brooded over Lüneburg Heath, which formed a fitting climax to the series. The film of the surrender is one of the historic visual documents of our time. As for the actual written surrender, which we were allowed to see, one almost felt that, in hanging on to it, Lord Montgomery was vindicating his own military philosophy, which he thinks would have saved us all our post-war troubles if it had been more whole-heartedly adopted.

His final peroration was an odd mixture of naïveté, vision, and flag-patriotism, a touching and in its way rather splendid piece. But no doubt we shall hear more of all this when the Field-Marshal is questioned about his series on January 23.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Home Affairs

PRESENTED UNDER THE challenging title of 'Television Playwright' John Elliot's *High Fidelity* (January 15) earned that compliment to the full. Here was a play of today dealing with the types and troubles of today as they exist in the new suburbs. In the theatre the 'progressive drama' of our time has been working on the idea that social realism means social squalor and mental havoc and that anybody who is normal of mind and wears a clean shirt must be a dull dog and useless to the dramatist. Mr. Elliot provided a welcome change by showing that tragic, not far-fetched or melodramatic, conflicts can exist among middle-class people who wash, live with some modern comforts, pay their way, and are not certifiable.

The central figure of the piece, George Bernard Hicks, presumably named after a Socialist and theatrical loyalty of his earnest parents, had been schooled for a good life in the service of Progress. His sister, now a successful lecturer and author on social psychology, has followed the expected path. But George has not found and cannot find the right job, and in that he is symptomatic of a distress made inevitable by the provision of more and more education. If new thousands every year take arts courses at universities—I leave out the scientists—how will they all find jobs adequate to their academic training? If they have a knack of words, they find journalism a dwindling craft and 'publicity' expanding. George serves the publicity department of a commercial firm and despises the job. There he is with a good brain, a sharp tongue, and a cynical view of life; also he has a nice suburban flat and a pretty wife, no children, and ugly domestic clashes.

The announcer had warned viewers that *High Fidelity* would prove 'sophisticated', an over-worked adjective now applied to anything from spike-heeled shoes to a light-of-love girl. In this case it involved both a gay past and gynaecological surgery. In the end George had to face the acceptance of a much better paid job, which he despised more than his present one, in order to pay for a curative operation which was certainly expensive and probably chancy.

Mr. Elliot brought to his story plausible characters, a neat turn of dialogue, and his own skilled hand in direction. The result was unusually arresting. The donnish sister was given the right look and manner by Kathleen Michael, and the wife with a past had her present pains

movingly presented by Rosemary Miller. Paul Eddington intervened effectively as a mixture of 'wolf' and 'heel' while the main responsibility lay with Andrew Osborn whose picture of George, a misfit and soured in his job but able and tough in a crisis, was a fine piece of accurate, natural acting.

George du Maurier's *Trilby* (January 17) seemed a bad choice for television. The raggle-taggle mesmerist, Svengali, is a historic stage-figure and, with his face-fungus and rolling eyes, can presumably still be turned into a figure of fear when seen at the distance which theatrical conditions imply. But submit this mixture of master-musician and melodramatic monster to the searching intimacy of the television cameras and I doubt whether any actor can prevent him from dwindling to a fiction beyond belief. Stephen Murray is a fine player of parts of intellectual distinction and moral sensibility. That finesse he could not wholly bury under a tangle of Svengali make-up, and I had the melancholy sensation that a player of taste was loyally masticating a chunk of fatty ham.

How unreal, too, seemed the late-Victorian mixture of bouncing British bonhomie with *vie-de-Bohème* in the Parisian studio, where it was Christmas and turkey-time at one moment and can-can at the next! Constance Cox's adaptation helped the story along with film-shots. Eric Lander fought bravely with the terrible niceness of Little Billee, while Jill Bennett moved simply in and out of *Trilby's* trances and Paul Hardtmuth played for pathos to the full as Gecko, the down-at-heels fiddler.

There is now an ignorant opinion that John Galsworthy, because he created the Forsytes, was on their side and a keen 'Establishment' man. But he was early praised in the Radical reviews and held Radical, rather than Liberal opinions. In *The Skin Game* (January 18), a piece first produced in 1920, he contrasted the conduct of the new post-war go-getter and the old gentry. The bustling industrialist man from the north, Hornblower, has bought his way into a countryside which he means to wake up and enrich. Such action is odious to the Hillcristes who have been for generations the kind of model landlords who do nothing in particular with a good show of manners and a benign paternal air. Hornblower makes one mistake in the bad treatment of a cottage-tenant, but he had already been intolerably snubbed by the county folk. When a neighbours' war breaks out between the two houses, it is the Hillcristes who behaved the worse, even descending to blackmail. Galsworthy, on this evidence, thought far less of the dawdling gentry who would have nothing altered to their dis-



Andrew Osborn as George Hicks and Rosemary Miller as his wife Vivienne, in 'High Fidelity' on January 15

comfort than he did of the brash and upstart reformer who at least had energy and ideas.

Methods of writing have become subtler since Galsworthy handed out with a certain naïveté his good and bad marks to the contending families. But a Capulet and Montague story is always a strong card; there was also in this case a queen of trumps, the lady with a vulnerable past, and that knave of trumps, the blackmailer. Edward Chapman was in his best form as the perky little Hornblower, John Robinson agonized quietly as the well-intending Hillcrist who touched pitch and was defiled, Valerie White showed the white-hot hatred of a perfect lady when roused to be unlady-like, and Billie Whitelaw, as the Hornblowers' handicap, carried a guilty conscience with appropriate distress.

IVOR BROWN

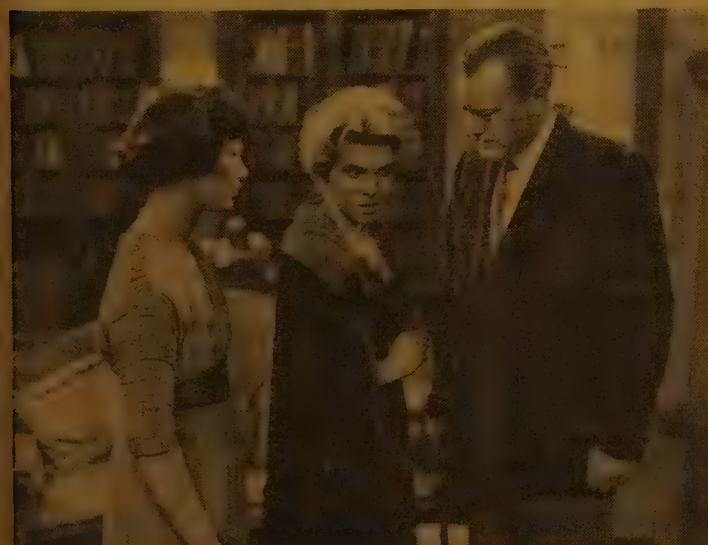
Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Costly Effects

THOUGH MUCH has been said in favour of stereophonic techniques it seems that the advent of true sound presents some problems which may make its full use impractical. Mr. Douglas Cleverdon recently talked about the production snags he faced when he made stereophonic recordings of *Alice In Wonderland*. Though the new technique allowed him to achieve a naturalistic effect as far as the speaking voices of the actors were concerned, the sound effects presented new problems. In order to convince the listener that Alice was bathing in her own tears he was forced to take her to a swimming bath and to record her *in situ*. Pails of water splashed in the studio failed to create the right impression owing to the fact that the new technique is rather too great a stickler for accuracy. Though the end result of this production play was pleasing and convincing, it is obvious that stereophonic work is going to be costly and difficult to produce. The listener may gain, but it is almost certainly worth asking whether the naturalistic effect which he gains is going to be worth the trouble. Part of broadcasting's delight lies in the fact that the listener imagines rather than knows where he is. With stereophonic radio he is going to know almost too much. At the same time, production costs are going to be higher.

The Milk of Paradise by M. Alain-Fournier was originally a novel and was adapted for radio



'The Skin Game' on January 18, with (left to right) Mary Webster as Jill Hillcrist, Billie Whitelaw as Chloe Hornblower, and John Robinson as Hillcrist



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by Miss Barbara Bray. It told a story of pastoral adolescent love in France as seen through the eyes of a boy called François. His contemporary, Meaulnes, comes to stay with his family, and while out walking loses his way and finds a large house with a beautiful girl in it. The rest of the story concerns his finding the house, the girl, another girl who becomes his wife, and, finally, the girl herself. By the time he and François find her again her circumstances have changed and she is living in a small cottage. The illusion of a fairy-tale princess is broken but Meaulnes is faithful to his illusion and sets up house with her. She thereupon dies. Told bluntly, this story could well have achieved greater effect than it did. Apart from the somewhat mystical symbolism suggested by the girl's ruined castle, there was the harder realism in the story which brought it quite near to Colette. This harder side was fogged by music which tried to make too much of the latent mysticism and by the narrator (François) who had clearly been ordered to give us a mystery.

A mystery of another kind, which followed hard upon Dr. Jung's warnings that we should not fall for flying-saucer neurosis, was *Moonfall* by Mr. Bruce Stewart. As science fiction is fast becoming no stranger than truth, Mr. Stewart did well to stage his play at Woomera. It involved a scientist who had been shot accidentally on purpose to the moon and the discovery of the person who had fired him there. A Dr. Bauer is convinced that unknown intelligences are directing life on earth from outer space, and though his theories are laughed at and more mundane motives are suspected it is he who is eventually proved right. Linda, one of the women at the base, turns out to be the villainess and is killed while trying to fire off yet one more rocket. As she dies she admits that she has indeed been mysteriously directed, and the play ends rather unconvincingly with the suggestion that space travel ought to be halted because there are 'things' which do not wish us to enter space. The story, an agreeable piece of nonsense, was made into something quite tense and exciting by Mr. David Godfrey who produced it.

Mr. Cyril Wentzel's adaptation of Mr. D. K. Broster's novel *Mr. Rowl* was pleasantly free of the fustian that usually adorns historical romances. It was well produced by Mr. Noel Iliff and told the story of a French prisoner in the Napoleonic Wars who falls in love with a young lady of parts. Her fiancé's jealousy condemns him to the hulks from which he escapes. Mr. Jeffrey Segal did well with Samuel Creedy, who was a rogue employed to aid the Frenchman; and Miss Marjorie Westbury had just the right amount of sugar for Juliana Forrest. Mr. David Spenser's Frenchman also hit the right note.

Adapted to the slow motion requirements of short-wave transmission and to the climate of the Kabuki theatre, *Yoneko*, by Mr. Arthur W. Russell, deserved a better listening hour than four o'clock on a Friday afternoon. It told in verse the horrible but true story of a geisha girl who had her arms cut off and who then overcame her disability. The slowness of the delivery added to the play's charm, and I would like to hear it again.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

As You Like It

SOME WEEKS, programmes (in this sphere at any rate) fall together into a picture. One feature mysteriously ranges itself behind another. Like appeals to fortuitous like. A landscape forms. Other weeks (and this seems to have been one of them) nothing has anything much to do with anything else. The sheer heterogeneity of

it all takes on the proportions of a Grand Babel Bazaar. You take your pick. You don't know what you will light on next. But one thing or another is bound to bother, and fix, your fancy.

My first choice this week falls on 'Talking of Theatre', nearly always a rewarding series, which this time gave us a conversational close-up of the three directors of our leading non-commercial enterprises: George Devine, Joan Littlewood, and Sam Wanamaker. On radio, it was Miss Littlewood who came over as the warmest character. But all were warm—and Mr. Devine was rather hot—in the defence and illustration of their cause. I say 'cause' in the singular, because differences were slight. Significantly, they were all quite sure of the kind of thing they liked. There was little or no reference to quality or style.

I was left with the impression that realism and improvisation were the essence of vital theatre today: the speech, lives, and passions of the people. It sounds admirable. But I began to wonder why, in two or three months of listening to spoken programmes, I have heard more in the way of vital, characteristic and stylish speech, picked up on tape in any suburb or village, than in twelve months of visits to new plays. I think the answer is simply this: bread-and-butter realism can never catch up with the reality which insists, anyhow, on its own sauces and pickles. Now that tape can preserve the live impromptu, it has shown conclusively that realism for its own sake in the theatre is only a lumbering copy, as dated as Frith's 'Derby Day'. Sooner or later, the theatre will have to take account of the new techniques of recording, just as nineteenth-century painting had to take account of photography. Vital theatre will have to discover a style.

If this half-hour programme showed us our leading theatrical nurses all equally determined to drown the baby in a great deal of bath-water, it was revealing something which a magazine interview would probably have glossed over. Equally valuable, in Network Three, is a new series called 'Sound', a magazine for the radio amateur which the non-specialist may well find as useful, and entertaining. The last number illuminated some of the mysteries of music both concrete and electronic, but was much too short to be more than a glimpse. An offer of further insight would surely be taken up by many listeners. Then another item, on the joys of toying with tape, brought us two devotees who had spent nine months of spare time to fashion and put together a ten-minute tape-sequence. Can anything be more awe-inspiring than the whole-hearted dedication of the amateur?

I don't know whether the born traveller is an amateur, a professional, or a hopeless addict. Judging from a collective and discursive interview last Thursday (Home) with Wilfred Thesiger, Colonel Laurens van der Post, and Peter Avery, there seems to be a new austerity in this, as in some other domains. There were no travellers' tales. Perhaps the real explorer is more an outgoing than a forthcoming character. And could it be, sometimes, that fulfilling the urge to get away from it all is in fact a sublimation of stand-offishness? It seems unfair, but the shades of Beckford and Lady Hester Stanhope might admit the impeachment.

'People Today' this week brought us a comfortable and convincing portrait of a public relations officer, who had arrived at a remarkably nice sense of the shades of difference between putting across a public organization, which is now a useful and salutary activity, and putting something across the public, which is quite another matter. Of single talks, the one I found most memorable—and moving—was on an unexpected theme. At least one would hardly

think Lenin could prompt more than inquisitorial analysis. But in Professor Deutscher's talk, in the Third Programme series on revolutionaries and their principles, he emerged as a tragic figure—not the first revolutionary to create the opposite of what he intended, but the first to realize and denounce the fact. This was a tremendous subject—the tragedy not only of an individual, but of a people—handled with much eloquence and concision.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

The Return of a Native

HOLST's orchestral tone poem *Egdon Heath*, one of his most mature works, made a welcome reappearance on January 10, and in spite of a rather patchy, mediocre performance it left one greatly moved. *Egdon Heath* is comparatively rarely performed nowadays, a fact that may be regrettable but is not altogether surprising. This strange work, short, succinct and one of the most relentlessly individual compositions coming from any part of the world at that time (1927), is as magnificently desolate as anything in Thomas Hardy's description of Egdon Heath in *The Return of the Native*. It is completely uncompromising music that is indeed 'colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony', to quote from Hardy's visionary account.

Holst prints these lines as a foreword to his score, and although it is perhaps possible to take the music purely at its own valuation it certainly cannot be adequately understood or fully savoured without Hardy's famous paragraph at the back of the listener's mind. 'A place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and enduring. . . .' This was Holst's idea of beauty, we are told by his daughter Imogen in her authoritative book about his music, and we may well believe it, for no composer could possibly write such a work without a strong conviction of what constitutes beauty for him, as well as a remarkably close affinity with his subject.

This performance produced some good playing, except for one ragged entry by the strings. So far so good; but otherwise it was not quite right. The reason is that the work was poorly conceived. Holst's vision was hardly ever recaptured and for that failure the conductor Rudolf Schwarz was largely responsible. This is not Kapellmeister music. It cannot be taken for granted and treated with conventional romantic warm expressiveness, as it was in this instance. There was not sufficient care in balancing the various strands of tone that make up the texture of the music. There was too little sense of slow growth, Hardy's 'monotony' we may call it, and the climaxes came to a head before their time. The full strength of a *forte* was reached prematurely, while *mezzo forte* was soon blaring away at what sounded like double its true strength. Holst was so insistent about these matters of precise balance that he prefaced his score with a note saying that the difference between *p* and *pp* should be clearly marked and that the muted brass are not to accent any notes or force the tone. Seeing the amount of work the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra has to get through in one week it was a commendable effort on their part, but it did scant justice to Holst.

Things went better under the same players and conductor with Michael Tippett's Piano-forte Concerto that came from the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The solo part, one of great complexity demanding a high-stepping technique, was finely played by Ilona Kabos. All in all this was a performance which did fairly by

the work, both in its solo and its orchestral aspects. The same lack of subtlety in gradations of tone as was noticed in the performance of the Holst tone poem was present here also, but less noticeably distorting. Tippett has written some of his most entrancing music here. One is reminded continually of his opera *The Midsummer Marriage*. There is the same sense of delight in creating exquisite patterns and textures in orchestral sound that make the *Ritual Dances* from the opera so moving, a delight that communicates itself to the listener with an immediacy that may not be withstood by those who have an ear for such things and

are not instinctively put off by the more acute angles of twentieth-century melody, the more insistent rhythmic patterns and the more startling harmonies. Tippett has now reached a state of assurance in the blending of his own particular brands of melody, rhythm and harmony, a mastery that he displays beautifully in this concerto. To mention one instance: the music glitters with the bright tones of the celesta, and this instrument Tippett uses with extraordinary and novel effect, as can be heard in the first and last of the three movements especially. But that is only one among many memorable moments in this performance. It

may sound greedy, but I wish the work could have been repeated there and then.

The third outstanding example of British music was a group of choral works by Edmund Rubbra sung enthusiastically by the West of England Singers under Reginald Redman; a *Missa a tre* broadcast for the first time and *Three Tenebrae*, these latter very fine in their sombre, dramatic utterance. A *Pezzo ostinato* for harp, played by Gwendolen Mason (another first broadcast) showed how far composers have taken that instrument from its old surroundings of ladies 'in a decline' tinkling in drawing rooms to an audience of admirers.

SCOTT GODDARD

Dvořák as a Composer of Opera

By JOHN CLAPHAM

Dimitrij will be broadcast at 7.50 p.m. on Sunday, January 25 (Third)

COMPARATIVELY few years passed during Dvořák's life when he was not actively engaged in finding a suitable opera libretto, making preliminary sketches for an operatic project, composing an opera or revising a similar work already written. He composed more operas than Smetana, and if his two completely different settings of *The King and the Charcoal Burner* are regarded as two works, as they certainly are from a musical angle, then he wrote one more opera than his friend and admirer Janáček. Dvořák was one of those composers who wrote in all the principal music forms of his time, but found it difficult to adapt himself perfectly to the operatic medium. By dint of perseverance he scored some successes, and eventually he created in *Rusalka* an enduring work which holds a special place of affection in the hearts of the Czech people.

It is one of the ironies of musical history that Smetana at the time of the production of *Dalibor* was described as a Wagnerian by his enemies, although he was far from showing that he was anything of the kind in that opera. Nevertheless he foresaw at that time that Czech opera would need to follow Wagner when it became firmly established as a national art. Thirty years later Dvořák did exactly as Smetana had predicted, and made the methods of Wagner serve as the foundation for his last operas.

Dvořák's relationship to Wagner has its complexities. He was swept off his feet by the wizard of Bayreuth when he was a young man, and in his first two abortive attempts at opera composition aped the methods of the older musician. Lack of success then led him to try different paths, and he found he made better progress by keeping closer to the example of Lortzing, Weber, Smetana and Verdi. His preference was always for continuous music, and, unlike Smetana, he never used spoken dialogue in comic opera. All his operas have recurring themes, but in the operas of the middle years these motives are used in rather the same way that Verdi used the few recurring themes in *Aida*, and only rarely in the manner of Wagnerian leit-motives. Wagner was not entirely absent from Dvořák's thoughts during these years, and in such instrumental works as the two symphonies in D minor (1874 and 1884-5) and the *Carnival and Othello* overtures (1891-2) we notice passages which are virtually direct quotations from the German master. Yet in the operas of this period there are practically no signs of his influence.

Dvořák admitted that he was still 'a Wagnerian'. He was strongly attracted by much of

Wagner's music, and described the beginning of *Lohengrin* as so heaven-inspired as to be quite unnerving. But he was unable to accept the whole of Wagner, and while in America one act of *Siegfried* was as much as he could stand.

In later years Dvořák talked of his desire to visit Bayreuth, but it is significant that he never came to the point of realizing his wish. His last operas, *Kate and the Devil*, *Rusalka*, and *Armida*, became increasingly Wagnerian in method and also to some extent in some of their harmonic progressions, yet they remain very characteristic of Dvořák himself most of the time. At this time Wagner helped him to his goal, in rather the same way that Brahms and Beethoven and the traditional music of his own country at other periods of his life had served as valuable signposts towards the means of a fuller self-expression.

At first Dvořák was no judge of a libretto, but bitter experience made him more careful in his selection, and he was reasonably fortunate in the libretti he set from *Dimitrij* onwards. Only *Armida*, with its excessive reliance on the art of magic, proved to be something of a stumbling block. When *Dimitrij* and *The Jacobin* were performed, some alterations were found to be necessary in their plots, and when *The King and the Charcoal Burner* eventually reached the stage, serious faults in the libretto were discovered. All three operas had to be partially recomposed when the libretti had been revised, and in the cases of *The King and the Charcoal Burner* and *Dimitrij* the distance of time between Dvořák's original conception of the operas and their revision led to inconsistencies of style, just as in *Tannhäuser* and Verdi's *Macbeth*.

Dvořák himself was surprised by the Wagnerian turn *Dimitrij* had taken when he heard the work after he had revised it in America, and stated his preference for the more lyrical earlier version. The work thus sets a serious problem for editors, conductors, and producers. Whatever compromise between the two versions is arrived at, some cuts seem inevitable, but these must be made with the utmost discretion, for Dvořák's conception has a breadth and spaciousness which should not be damaged.

At no time did Dvořák attain Verdi's shrewd sense of what was effective in the theatre, nor discover the value of dramatic suspense or the means of expressing it in music, but he was able to build up effective emotional climaxes and exploit differences and conflicts between individual characters or groups. The Russians and the Poles are well contrasted in the big choral

scenes in *Dimitrij*. He was able to create in musical terms characters of varied types, but he was generally more successful in depicting villagers, townsfolk and supernatural beings than in creating people of high rank. The school-master musician in *The Jacobin*, Kate the hoyden, the amiable devils, and the water and woodland creatures in *Rusalka* are treated with sympathy and understanding. On the other hand, Dvořák was able to convey the internal conflict with which the Count is faced in *The Jacobin*; he could suggest the nobility of *Dimitrij* and the alternating heroism and weakness of Rinaldo in *Armida*, and in Xenia, Boris Godunov's daughter, he created one of his most lovable characters. (Historically, the action of *Dimitrij* is the sequel to that of Mussorgsky's *Boris*.) Her music foreshadows in some ways that which he was to write later for the principal character in *Rusalka*. He was singularly unsuccessful when portraying imperious or cruel princesses in *Dimitrij*, *Kate and the Devil*, and *Rusalka*. Dvořák was evidently too kind a man to succeed in being dramatically truthful in these cases.

It is disappointing at times that Dvořák missed dramatic opportunities and psychological transformations. Why, we may ask, does *Rusalka*'s music remain unchanged whether she be water nymph, human, or will o' the wisp, and why does not the Prince appear to notice the last of these metamorphoses and react when he ultimately hears her voice for the first time? Kate is danced out of hell too suddenly, without sufficient preliminary raising of the dramatic temperature, and at the climax of the last act of *Dimitrij*, when the hero stops Ivan the Terrible's widow from making a false vow and *Dimitrij* is shot by Shujsky, Dvořák does not rise to the occasion.

It is clear that he was no natural dramatist like Janáček, neither was he as much at home in the theatre as Smetana was, but he had some qualities which are not to be found in their music. These spring from his flow of melody, his vital rhythmic sense, his love of the dance, his mastery of instrumentation and his experience as a composer of symphonic music. Sometimes the spirit of the ballet is not far removed, even when there are no dancers on the stage. Dvořák relied on rhythm, not in order to drive home an emotional situation as Verdi did, but in order to propel his music forward. His operas have the same richness of melody and counter-melody, and of beauty of sound in the orchestral texture that one expects to hear in his instrumental music.

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pression engines. I.C.A. has proved the answer. It was a triumph of fundamental research, far removed from an advertising “stunt”. It is vital in modern cars, and it is exclusive to Shell.

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YOU CAN BE SURE OF



“Why no strikes in Steel?”

asks Margaret Stewart—and comes up with this astonishing answer

MARGARET STEWART has been industrial correspondent of the *News Chronicle* since 1949, and before that was on the staff of *The Economist*. She is the first and only woman industrial correspondent of a national newspaper. She has also broadcast on current affairs for the BBC.

Miss Stewart was educated at St. Leonards School, St. Andrews, and Newnham College, Cambridge, where she read Modern Languages and Economics.

Before entering journalism she was a research worker for the Nuffield Social Reconstruction Survey and prepared evidence for the Beveridge report on social insurance.

She has made a special study of industrial relations and trade union problems. So her remarks on Steel carry a good deal of weight, because she knows so much about the way other industries are faring.

Miss Stewart has been impressed by the absence of industrial strife in Steel. She writes: “In many years of industrial reporting, I have yet to come across an industry where there is such a ‘will to peace’”.

IN MANY YEARS of industrial reporting, I have yet to come across an industry where there is such a “will to peace” as in Steel.

In 1957, more working days were lost through industrial disputes in Britain than in any year since 1926 – the year of the General Strike.

The steel industry can plead “Not Guilty”. Industrial strife has passed it by, and it has not had a major strike, apart from the General Strike in 1926, for more than half a century.

Last year, there were serious stoppages in road and air transport, and in the docks. This year? Many TUC leaders have voiced the fear that there will be more strikes, because of the Government’s decision to scrap compulsory arbitration.

ROUND A TABLE

But such fears are irrelevant to an industry where arbitration by outsiders is the last resort and not an integral part of industrial relations.

This does not mean that there are never any disputes in Steel. It means that both sides prefer to settle their differences round a table. They use

their own well-tryed conciliation machinery to the full.

This machinery is so good that when Steel was nationalised in 1949, nobody wanted to change it. *This is how it works:*

At the top are national agreements for each section of the industry. These fix minimum wages and such matters as hours, holidays and the cost of living sliding scale. Heavy steel usually sets the pattern, but agreements vary to suit each section.

MEN ON THE SPOT

At the bottom are plant-by-plant negotiations – undoubtedly the key to success. The men on the spot who work on the job, and know the local conditions, fix the rates for a particular machine, mill or furnace.

If a dispute cannot be settled locally, it goes to a neutral committee of four – two management and two union men, drawn from firms *not* concerned in the dispute but thoroughly understanding the job.

These neutral committees nearly always reach agreement. If not, the top officials on either side take a hand and see if they can suggest a solution.

If they fail, then – and only then – the dispute will go to arbitration. One side never forces the other to arbitrate. It is done on jointly agreed terms of reference, and on the understanding the award will be accepted.

SQUARE DEALING

Many other industries have just as good machinery on paper, but it has not prevented strikes and unhappy labour relations.

Steel has a tradition of fair and square dealing. “We talk the same language and we trust each other”, was how one big steel executive described his relations with his men.

The unions, on their side, have for the past 90 years followed the maxim of one of their early pioneers: “Reason, not force, is the weapon men should use”. Union leaders, at every level, exercise an effective discipline over their members, and insist, to the point of expulsion if need be, on the honouring of agreements.

Both sides can be tough. That is not surprising in an industry where the job is tough, the hours are tough, with round-the-clock working, and the product itself is tough. But both sides are conscious of the serious effects any loss of production would have in a highly capitalised industry, where each worker is backed by up to £10,000 worth of equipment.

In my view, the short answer to the question: “Why are there no strikes in Steel?” would be: “Men of Steel are Men of Sense.”

This personal report was invited by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By **TERENCE REESE** and **HAROLD FRANKLIN**

Question 1

(from Mr. J. Wilding, Arlington Road, Middlesbrough)

Could you tell me how I should have tackled the following hand, playing the Acol system?

♠ J 9 ♥ K Q J 6 ♦ Q J 8 2 ♣ J 10 5

My partner, North, opened with a conventional Two Clubs, and the bidding went:

SOUTH	NORTH
-	2C
2D	3C
3H	3NT
4NT	No

We made Six and I was criticized (1) for not giving a positive response, and (2) for bidding only Four No Trumps.

Answer by Terence Reese

It used to be laid down that responder should bid Two Diamonds unless he had an Ace and King, or two King-Queens, or similar; but according to the latest authority a positive response can be given on any hand containing two points or so. Two No Trumps would perhaps be more descriptive than Two Hearts. On the later round your Four No Trumps was, indeed, too mild. Four Clubs, to be followed by Five No Trumps, would have been about right.

Question 2

(from Mr. S. A. Simon, Norfolk Road, Harrogate)

My partner and I had a calamity on the following hand:

WEST	EAST
♠ K 7 6 3	♠ —
♥ A 9 4 2	♥ 5
♦ A K 3	♦ Q J 8 6 5 4
♣ Q J	♣ K 9 7 5 3 2

Playing a 16-18 No Trump, West opened One No Trump, East bid Two Diamonds, and West passed. As you can see, Six was on. Who was at fault?

Answer by Harold Franklin

If you had put this question to Terence Reese he would have told you that One No Trump was a horrible bid on this type of hand, whether you had the right points or not. Accepting that bid, one must say that East should have been prepared to go to game. He should force with Three Diamonds; West bids Four Diamonds, and East settles for Five Diamonds. The slam is hardly biddable.

Question 3

(from Mr. G. Ross-Davies, Warwick Road, London, S.W.5)

Is it possible, under the Laws, to sacrifice at the level of Eight? I know that opponents can forbid it, but can they allow it?

Answer by Terence Reese

No, the offender is deemed to have passed. His side must pass thereafter, and if the other side plays the hand, declarer can call a lead.

Question 4

(from Mrs. D. Annan, Eastcote, Ruislip, Middlesex)

My partner and I bid the hand below as follows: 1C—1S; 2H—4NT (Blackwood); 5H—5NT; 6H—7C.

WEST	EAST
♠ A	♠ K J 10 9 4
♥ K 7 6 3	♥ A Q
♦ 8 7 4	♦ A K 9
♣ A K 10 7 3	♣ Q 8 4

Could you say what is the right bidding?

Answer by Harold Franklin

Are you sure you are not asking for approval, rather than for advice? You reached a splendid contract, but, since you ask, I think it is better for East to force with Two Spades and not have to rush the bidding afterwards. It might then go: 1C—2S; 3C—4C; 4H (showing a control), and then Blackwood as before.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to The Editor, THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, the envelope marked 'Bridge Forum']

Three Poems

June Bug*

Bug like a coffee-bean
Thrown on this tabletop
Beside my paper and pen,
You startle me with your rap.

You, on this hot June night
Which opens window and door,
Come like an intimate
From June of a former year.

Then I, a boy with a book
In a room where a bare bulb glared,
Slept—and struggled awake;
Round me the june bugs whirled.

And, by the inkwell, one
Trundled, a frill of wing
Glinting like cellophane:
On the very lip he clung . . .

You're off? No reason to feel
That you, sir, stand on the brink
Of some disastrous fall
Into a pool of ink.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

This poem will be read by the author in the Third Programme on February 8

Pictures from an Exhibition

Roger de la Fresnaye: Landscape with Woman, Cow and Dog (c. 1916)

Because I did not like to milk the cow,
No one, I fear, will ever milk it now.

I brought a dog, or else the dog brought me:
I hoped the neighbours would not chance to see
The bosom and the belly of the tree.

But did it really do them any harm
If trees grew upside-down upon our farm?

It was not right, it was not right, they said,
That such a tree should stand upon its head.
Is it a woman? Is it alive or dead?

I had a bucket swinging from my hand,
But nothing happened quite as I had planned.

Milking, I tell you, is a serious matter.
The cow was rather flat, the dog was flatter.
No one suggested I should milk the latter.
I did not want to leave the world unfed;
I passed them by, and milked the tree instead.

R. P. LISTER

Sightseeing

Along the long wide temple wall
Extends a large and detailed painting.

A demon's head, its mouth square open,
Inside the mouth a room of people squatting.

Its fangs the polished pillars of the room,
The crimson carpet of the floor its tongue.

Inside this room a painting on the wall,
A demon's head, its mouth square open.

Inside the mouth a room of people squatting,
Their faces blank, the artist did not care.

Inside that room a painting on the wall,
A demon's head, its mouth square open.

Somewhere you are squatting, somewhere there.
Imagination, like the eyes that strain
Against the wall, is happily too weak
To number all the jaws there are to slip.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Drambuie

Regd.



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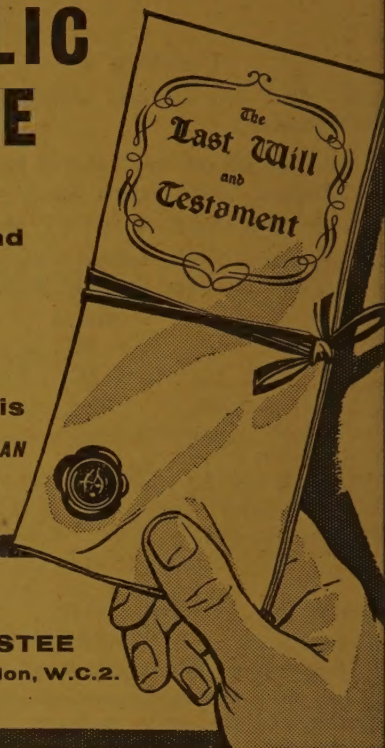
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

AN APPETIZING MENU

FOUR fillets of sole, sprinkled with lemon juice and salt and pepper, into a greased roasting tin, dot with butter, add a tablespoon of oil, cover with a buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes or until the sole is cooked through. Make a white sauce in the usual way, using half milk and half the fish stock, and five minutes before serving add a little of stoned green grapes. If you find the grapes difficult to obtain, or perhaps do not fancy them—although I assure you they are delicious—then use chopped mushrooms, or green peas, instead. These are tastier if you lightly toss them in melted butter before adding to the sauce. Pour the sauce over the sole and serve with fluffy creamed potatoes. For a fruit salad to follow, mix the flesh of a grapefruit with the flesh of two oranges in a bowl, then spoon it into a tall preserving jar and a layer of caster sugar between the layers of fruit. Finish up with sugar, and then carefully pour over about a tablespoon of any liqueur you happen to have. Cover securely, and leave it all to pickle through for twenty-four hours, turning the jar upside down every now and then to let the fruit blend smoothly.

MOLLY WEIR

PRUNE FLORY

Prune is a Scottish dish, derived anciently from the Italians, which can be made of either fruit or meat. For a prune flory take as many prunes as you consider, according to their dryness, will fill a flan-tin. Soak them in cold water until they are soft enough to stone. Drain them and wash them gently in a sweet sugar syrup. Let them cool. Line the flan-tin with short or puff

pastry rolled thin, and bake it 'blind' just enough to set. Sprinkle ground almonds lightly on the bottom, and mix ground almond also with the drained prunes. Lay these in a flan-tin. Add a glass of port and a squeeze of lemon-juice to the cooking syrup. Pour only a little of this syrup over the prunes, so that it will not bubble out in the cooking.

Lid the flan with pastry, having egged the top of the 'wall' so that you can make a close join. Cut a hole in the middle of the lid, and put a pastry button over. Bake in the oven pre-heated to 380 degrees Fahrenheit (Gas 5) until the lid is biscuit colour, then brush with a thin sugar-syrup to glaze. Remove the button, and gradually pour in the rest of the cooking syrup, made hot again. Serve with cream. If cold—when, to my thinking, the prune flory is even more delicious—serve with *crème brûlée*.

VICTOR MACCLURE

STAINS IN DECANTERS

One way of removing stains in decanters is to leave the stained part covered with soapless detergent whisked up in warm water. Some people like to shred paper and push it into the decanter. Then, if the shreds are swirled round in the detergent solution, they brush the bottom of the decanter. Other people prefer to do this job with household ammonia for the soaking, or with a mixture of vinegar and salt—about a tablespoon of salt to a quarter of a pint of vinegar. Then I have met people who swirl uncooked rice grains round, or who say there is nothing to touch the old-fashioned idea of gunshot pellets shaken about inside. But I have found the simplest way to shift these stains is with ordinary domestic bleach. I put in enough cold water to cover the stained part of the

decanter, add the merest dash of bleach, and, very soon, the glass is clear. After that the decanter needs thorough and repeated rinsing. That applies whatever you have used by way of a cleaning agent.

I consulted a crystal-glass expert to make sure there was no risk of damaging glass by using bleach like this. The answer was that there is no bleach on the market which would harm a decanter or a vase, even if you used it in a very strong solution—unless the glass was extremely cheap quality. It is slow work getting the inside of a narrow-necked decanter dry. It helps if you turn it upside down to drain, carefully wedged in a jam jar, or a jug, so that the mouth is held clear of the jar bottom.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

PATRICK MOORE (page 161): Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; Director of the Mercury and Venus section and secretary of the lunar section of the British Astronomical Association; author of *Guide to the Moon*, *Guide to Mars*, *The Planet Venus*, *World of Mists*, *The Amateur Astronomer*, etc.

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE (page 164): Military Control Officer, Athens, 1916; Director Aegean Intelligence Service, 1917; author of *Carnival*, *Sinister Street*, *Gallipoli Memories*, *Greek Memories*, *Marathon and Salamis*, *Eastern Epic*, *Thin Ice*, *Mezzotint*, etc.

D. J. FURLEY (page 166): Reader in Greek and Latin at London University; translator of Aristotle 'On the Cosmos'

J. W. N. WATKINS (page 168): Reader in the History of Philosophy, London University, since October

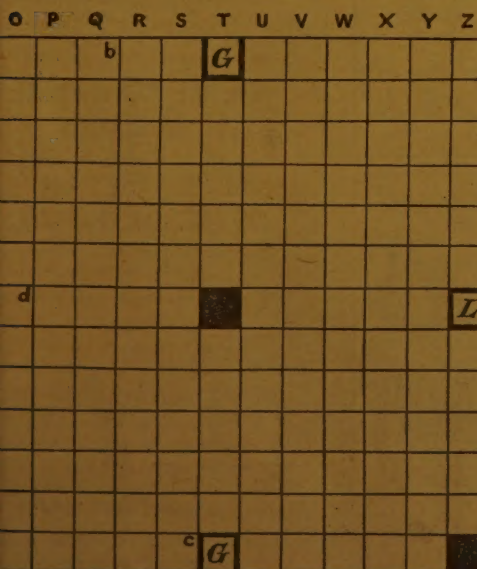
Crossword No. 1,495.

Shah Mat.

By Pipe

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 29. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



First, these thirteen numbers must be changed into a form more familiar to that queer people the BI-DIGIT NOTHUMBANS.

(A) 1,122,311 (B) 38,043,980 (C) 34,639,921 (D) 48,005,571 (E) 40,928,012 (F) 46,957,360 (G) 277,296 (H) 33,616,784 (I) 34,655,617 (J) 33,755,280 (K) 38,546,090 (L) 36,766,848 (M) 2,950,176.

These changed numbers are to be entered in the top left-hand corners of the blank squares in each row. Four knights, whose names begin in the squares containing letters, are 'one-hoppers'. Knights' tours end in squares marked a, b, c, d. Certain sets of consecutive numbers will appear in the diagram and the names of five bishops and five castles are to be suitably inserted. In the spaces bearing the figure zero, a quotation, followed by the Christian and surname of the person responsible for it, runs from left to right along the rows.

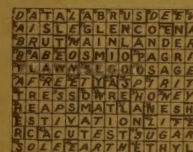
In the clues below, NG would be the letter T (already in the diagram).

CLUES

1. Move to and fro, droll fellow. TK, TH, NH. (3)
2. Made by seamstress to attract attention. OB, ZA, PE, UI. (4)
3. Hybrid yak in queer moods. YM, OJ, WI, RI, UL. (5)
4. A cricket team returning hangs round the pub—that's a bloomer! ZL, PI, QD, SC, XL, VM. (6)
5. Sluggish Oxford crew. UB, UC, SH, WC, YC, ZC. (6)
6. Alligator found in two islands. VF, YJ, ZJ, NK, OK, QK. (6)

7. Is this why the light went out in Eire? SA, QG, YK, ZK, VJ, SF, PM. (7)
8. Some victor to land—hence the bunting. NC, ND, XC, VE, OM, WL, WJ. (7)
9. Change of abode more varied, Mr. Gielgud. OH, RG, ZB, QH, RH, TI, TJ. (7)
10. Cowboy films. RB, UD, XD, ZF, RK, TF, QJ, UE. (8)
11. Fish to make a gent rise in agony. UA, VA, PC, ZI, QM, QL, SL, UH, RM. (9)
12. Worker comes round to bury a pound in an inland area. XB, XE, WF, ZE, YG, OE, VH, NJ, OI, QI. (10)

Solution of No. 1,493



NOTES

Theme: The five ingredients of punch (see Chambers's). Theme-words and Variations: A. spirit, deev, afreet (evil spirits); B. sugar, babe, honey (endearments); C. lemon, sole, dab (fish); D. spice, variety, life (proverb); E. water, earth, air (elements).

Across: 5. a-brus(h); 13. Gle-(in)co(me)-e; 15. Bru(t), see Brewer's; 20. pa-g(corgette)-ri(s); 21. f-(lemon)-awn; 32. rev. of wo + re; 39. e(migrants)-st-iv-ation; 43. a-cut(i)-es-t; 47. e-ty-(l).

Down: 3. a bust, rev.; 6. bl-im(provement)-ey; 7. r-(c)en(t)-ig; 8. un-loos-e; 9. o in sand, rev., and lit.; 14. rev. of ragde: King Lear; 18. Alfre(d)-sco(nes); 19. wec, anag.: sleekit = cunning; 20. three mngs.; 22. sto-mat-a; 26. ess(c); 27. ar-tis-t; 29. I-on; 34. Hanse(l); 35. n-E(vensong)-igh; 37. lot-H; 41. four mngs.: good neighbour = fairy; 42. (que)erl(y).

1st prize: Miss R. Donaldson-Hudson (Brampton); 2nd prize: H. Loshak (Colchester); 3rd prize: Mrs. N. Jarman (Brough)

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